

Adventures into

FALL
ISSUE

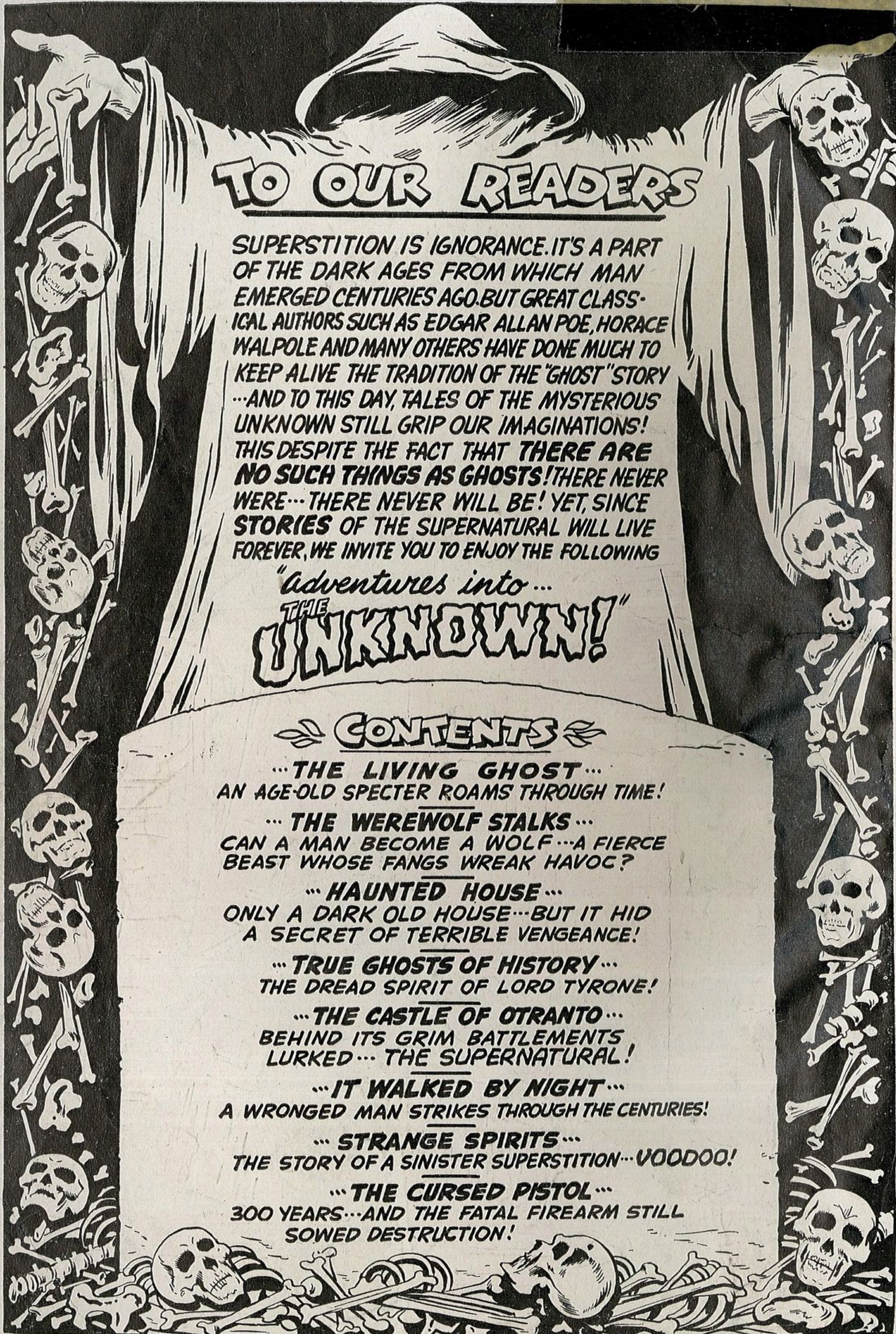
THE UNKNOWN!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TO OUR READERS

SUPERSTITION IS IGNORANCE. IT'S A PART OF THE DARK AGES FROM WHICH MAN EMERGED CENTURIES AGO. BUT GREAT CLASSICAL AUTHORS SUCH AS EDGAR ALLAN POE, HORACE WALPOLE AND MANY OTHERS HAVE DONE MUCH TO KEEP ALIVE THE TRADITION OF THE "GHOST" STORY...AND TO THIS DAY, TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN STILL GRIP OUR IMAGINATIONS! THIS DESPITE THE FACT THAT THERE ARE **NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!** THERE NEVER WERE...THERE NEVER WILL BE! YET, SINCE STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL WILL LIVE FOREVER, WE INVITE YOU TO ENJOY THE FOLLOWING

"Adventures into... THE UNKNOWN!"

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AN AGE-OLD SPECTER ROAMS THROUGH TIME!

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...**IT WALKED BY NIGHT**...
A WRONGED MAN STRIKES THROUGH THE CENTURIES!

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...**THE CURSED PISTOL**...
300 YEARS...AND THE FATAL FIREARM STILL SOWED DESTRUCTION!

The WEREWOLF STALKS

OUT OF THE FROZEN NORTH CAME A DREAD THING THAT WAS NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST! A MONSTER WITHOUT A SOUL, THAT KILLED WITHOUT REMORSE AND GAVE NO QUARTER! YOU'LL THRILL TO THIS FEARFUL STORY OF THE UNDEAD... OF A NAMELESS TERROR THAT WENT LOPING THROUGH THE NIGHT IN THE FULL OF THE MOON... WITH ITS CRIMES BLACK UPON IT!



IN THE FROZEN TIMBERLANDS OF NORTHERN CANADA... A GAUNT GRAY KILLER STANDS AT BAY!

CAREFUL, LADS... CAREFUL! I'VE GOT HIM COVERED!



ARRGG!

CRACK!





PIERRE! OH, THE POOR DEVIL! THOSE SHADOWS... WRECKED MY AIM!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

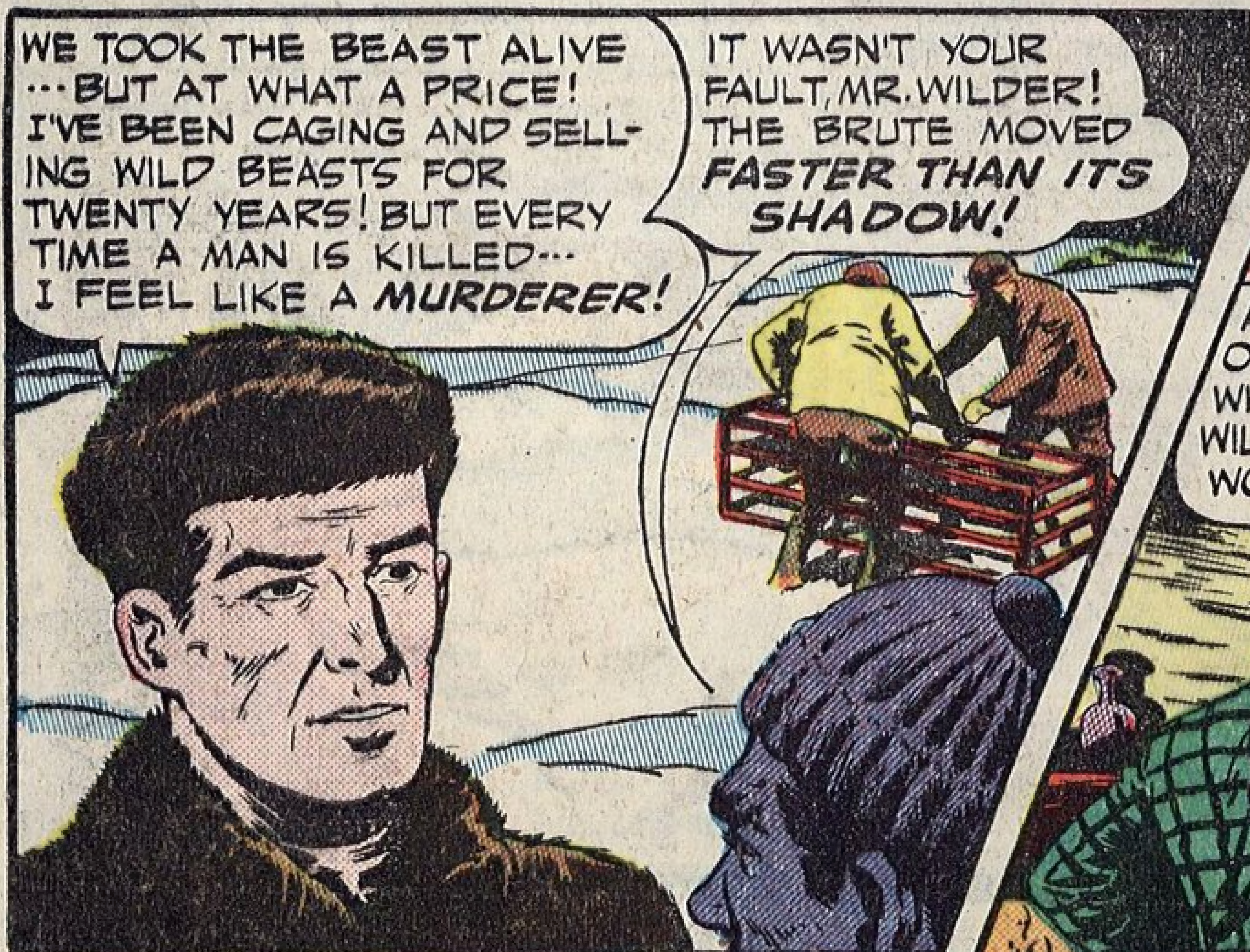
GR-ROWW!



BRING THE CRATE! HURRY!

THEY'RE RIGHT UP AHEAD! THEY MUST HAVE ROPED THE BRUTE!

BIGGEST TIMBER WOLF I EVER SAW! VICIOUS! IF IT LEAPED FOR A MAN'S THROAT...



WE TOOK THE BEAST ALIVE... BUT AT WHAT A PRICE! I'VE BEEN CAGING AND SELLING WILD BEASTS FOR TWENTY YEARS! BUT EVERY TIME A MAN IS KILLED... I FEEL LIKE A MURDERER!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, MR. WILDER! THE BRUTE MOVED FASTER THAN ITS SHADOW!

AT THAT MOMENT... IN A NEARBY CABIN...

A WREATH OF GARLIC! WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO, WOMAN?

WEREWOLVES FEAR GARLIC! WHAT WAS IT WE HEARD HOWLING LAST NIGHT? IT BEGAN AS A WOLF'S CRY... BUT IT TURNED INTO THE CRUEL LAUGHTER OF A MAN! JACQUES' LAUGHTER!



IN THE BLEAK NORTH COUNTRY, ANCIENT BELIEFS DIE SLOWLY! FROM OLD FRANCE THE SETTLERS BROUGHT WITH THEM... A MORTAL FEAR OF THE UNDEAD!

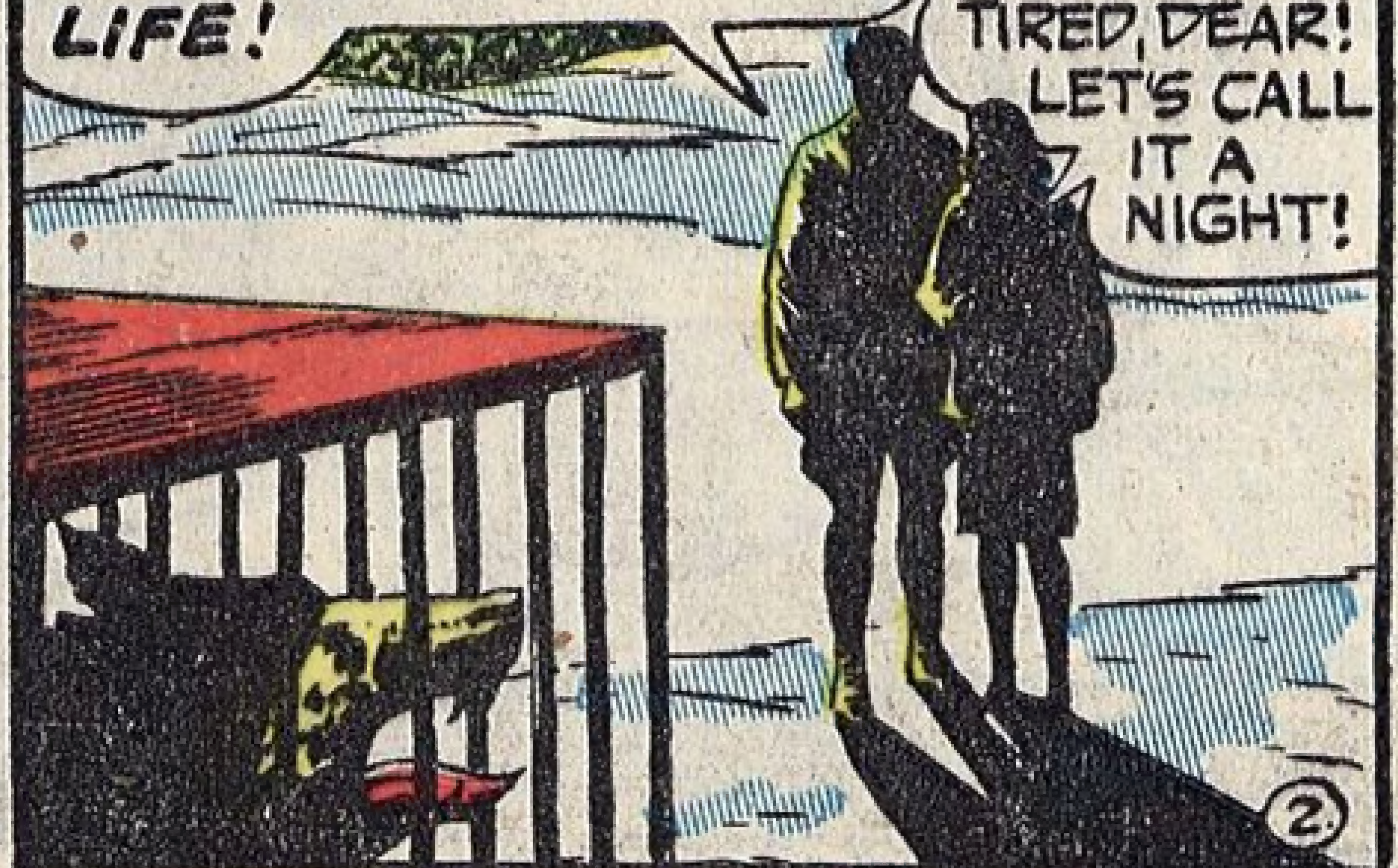
I TELL YOU... IT WAS JACQUES! JACQUES THE LOGGER! HE WAS BITTEN BY A WOLF... THEN DISAPPEARED! IF IT WAS A WEREWOLF THAT BIT HIM, HE'S BECOME A WEREWOLF HIMSELF! HE WAS CRUEL, BRUTAL EVEN AS A MAN! IF HE ROAMS THE TIMBER AS A WOLF...



LATER THAT NIGHT... AT JOHN WILDER'S CAMP...

HE'S A MAGNIFICENT BEAST, BARBARA! ZOOS ARE PLENTY GREEDY FOR TIMBER WOLVES... WE'LL GET A GOOD PRICE FOR HIM IN THE STATES! BUT I CAN'T FORGET THAT WE CAPTURED HIM... AT THE COST OF A HUMAN LIFE!

I... I'M TERRIBLY TIRED, DEAR! LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT!



Alone...A GHASTLY
TRANSFORMATION!

GRRR-
GGG!

ARGH! I-I'M...CHANGING BACK! NO
LONGER A WOLF...I'M JACQUES!
...CAGE ME LIKE A BEAST, WOULD
THEY? I'LL CLAW THEIR
THROATS OUT!



CLANG!

H-HELP!
HELP!
LET ME
GO...
OHH!

BARBARA!
SHE'S
GONE...

HELP!
JOHN!

THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO
CAGED ME! WHEN SHE BEARS
THE CLAWMARKS OF THE UNDEAD
...SHE WILL RUN LIKE A BEAST
THROUGH THE TIMBER! HER
HANDS WILL BECOME CLAWS,
HER FACE...



GREAT SCOTT...HE'S A GIANT! CAN'T RISK SHOOTING...I'VE GOT TO CLOSE WITH HIM!

HELP!



AHHH!

I- I'M TURNING BACK INTO A WOLF! NO CONTROL OVER IT! HOW CAN I GET A DOCTOR TO HELP ME IF I'M A BEAST WITHOUT A VOICE? I'D BE KILLED ON SIGHT!



BANG!
CRACK!

UGH! YOU DEVIL...TAKE THAT!



I'VE GOT TO GET...THIS WOUND DRESSED! I'LL DIE IF I DON'T GET TO A DOCTOR! I'M IN BAD SHAPE...LOSING STRENGTH FAST!



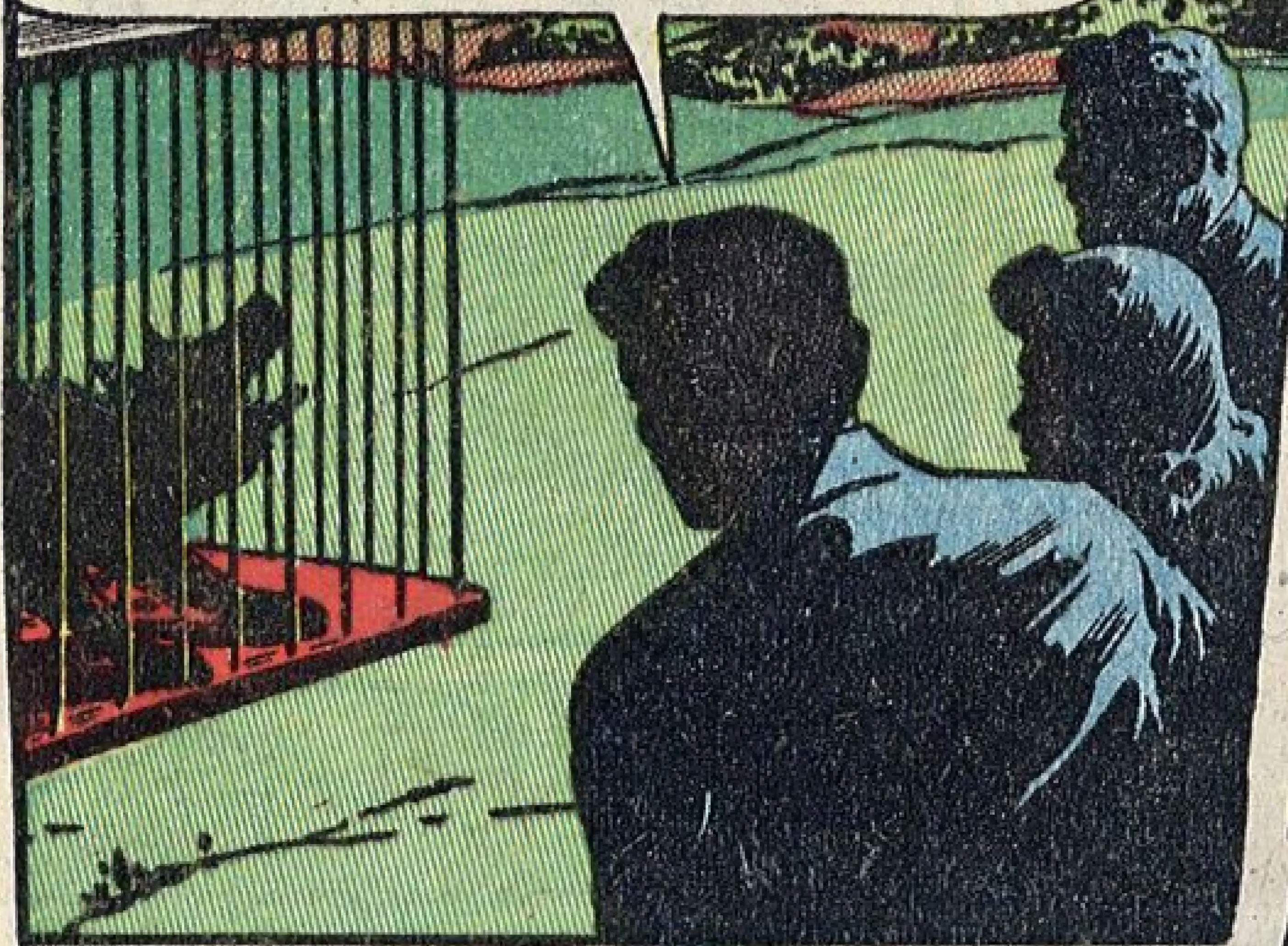
TRAPPED...DESPERATE...THE GHASTLY MONSTER RETURNS TO ITS CAGE!

I'LL GET THE WOUND DRESSED...AS A WOLF! ONLY CHANCE...GOT TO TAKE IT! HE WON'T KNOW I WAS THE MAN HE SHOT! A MAN LIKE HIM DOESN'T BELIEVE IN...GRRR!

GLANG!

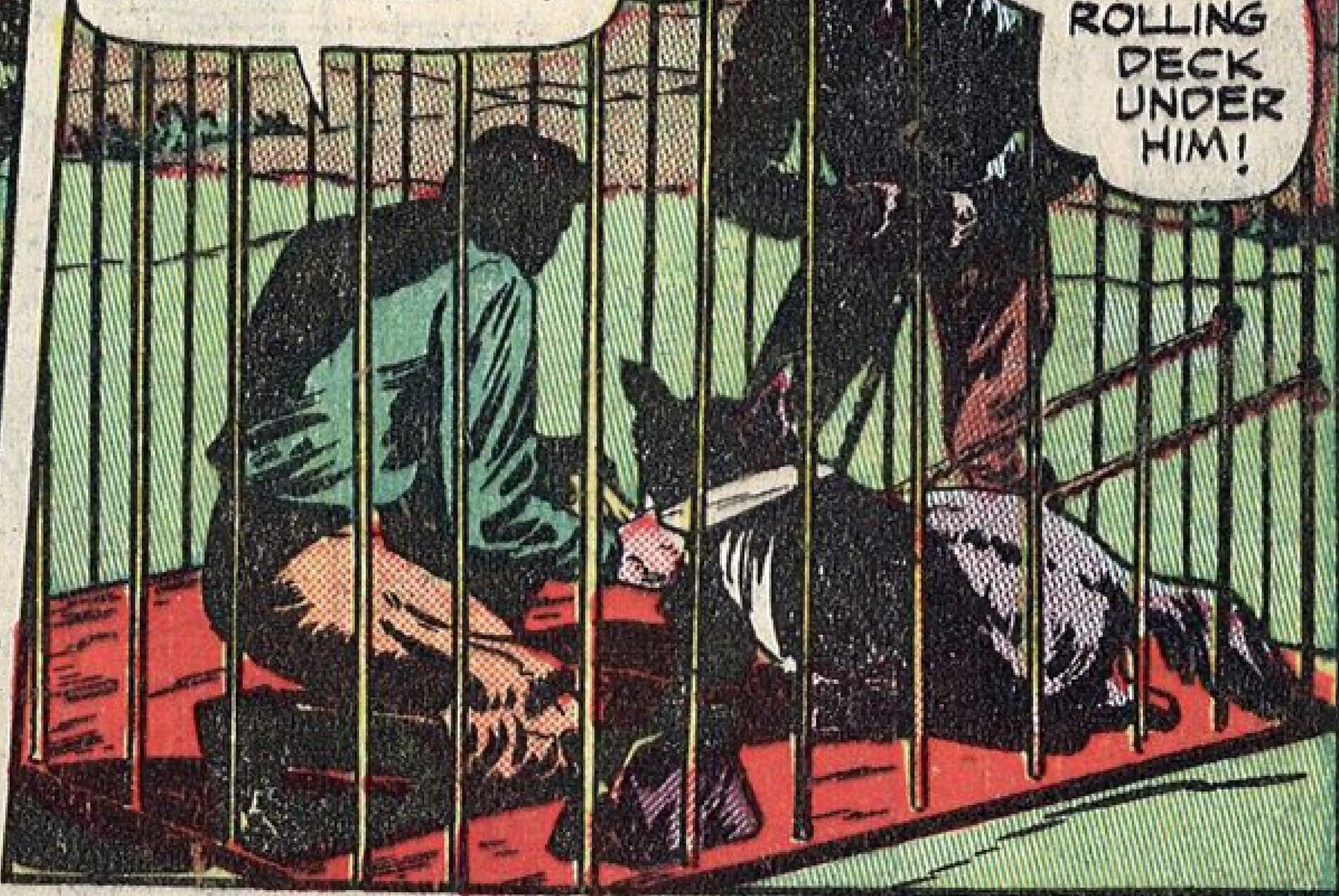
THE CAMP IS AROUSED BY AN AGONIZED HOWLING!

WOUNDED! GREAT SCOTT... I REMEMBER NOW! MY GUN WENT OFF TWICE WHEN I STRUGGLED WITH THAT LUMBERJACK! A STRAY BULLET MUST HAVE LODGED IN THE BEAST!



THERE! I'VE GOT THE BULLET OUT AND STERILIZED THE WOUND! THOSE DRESSINGS WILL HAVE TO BE CHANGED ONCE A DAY, BUT I GUESS I CAN HANDLE IT!

IN A WEEK YOU'LL BE AT SEA, SIR! IT WILL BE TOUGH ON YOU... IF HE TURNS UGLY WITH A ROLLING DECK UNDER HIM!



TEN DAYS LATER... AS THE SHIP NEARS THE GOLDEN GATE...

THE BEAST'S WOUND MUST BE NEARLY HEALED! I BELIEVE I'VE MADE FRIENDS WITH IT! IT NEVER SNARLS AT ME! I'M GOING TO SEE IF... W-WHAT'S THAT?

GRRR... GGGG!



WHA... AHHH! IT'S NOT A WOLF! IT'S NOT A... WOLF! A HUMAN FACE AND... OHH!



JOHN! JOHN! H-HELP!

OH-HH!



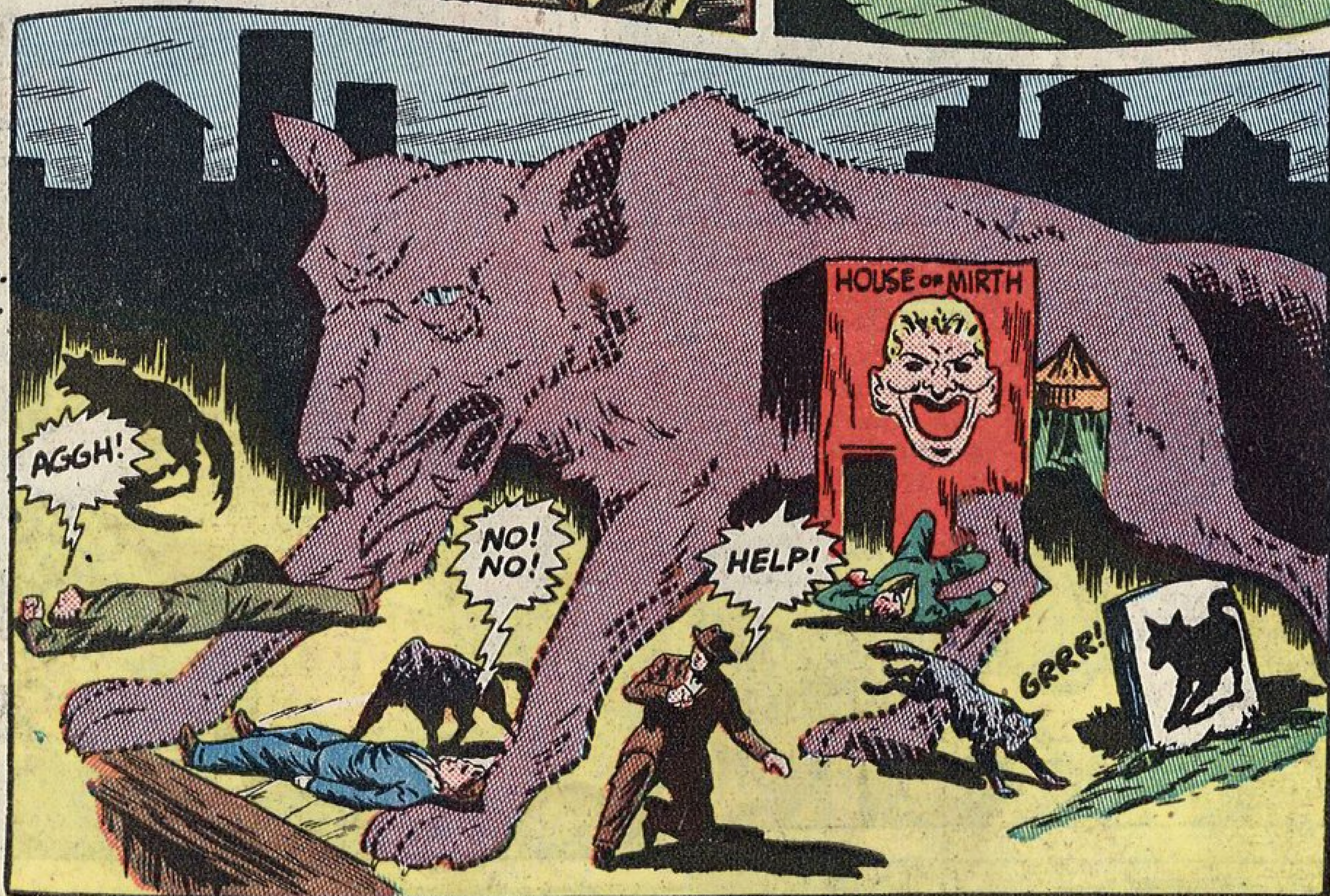
THE SHIP'S DOCKING! YOU'D BETTER GET HER INTO A TAXI! SHE WAS SHAKEN UP A BIT... BUT SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! NERVES, MOSTLY! SHE SAW A SHADOW... AND IN HER NERVOUS STATE, WELL... YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!

I THINK I DO, DOCTOR!





ON THE SLEEPING CITY... A GHASTLY TERROR FALLS! A TERROR OF RENDING CLAWS SLASHING OUT OF THE DARKNESS... OF RUNNING FEET... OF SCREAMS THAT START AND END ABRUPTLY... AS THOUGH CHOKED OFF! AND OVER ALL, THE SHADOW OF SOMETHING MONSTROUS... AND AS MERCILESS AS THE ARCTIC NIGHT!



LATER THAT NIGHT...IN JOHN WILDER'S HOME...

I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO BED! I'M SORRY THE WOLF ESCAPED, BUT MY RESPONSIBILITY ENDED WHEN I SOLD IT TO THE ZOO! IF YOU WANT TO SIT HERE LISTENING TO THAT RADIO BLARE... GO AHEAD! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THE WOLF HAD **NOTHING TO DO**

WITH THOSE SLAYINGS!

IT **DID** HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEM, JOHN!



I TELL YOU... I'M FRIGHTENED! IT **WASN'T** A SHADOW I SAW ON THE SHIP! WHY WON'T YOU **BELIEVE** ME? THE **WEREWOLF** LEGEND IS AS OLD AS MANKIND! THERE **MUST** BE **SOME** TRUTH IN IT!



TERROR-FRAUGHT MOMENTS LATER...

THE WOLF HAS **BEEN WOUNDED!**

THE DETAILS ARE JUST COMING IN! APPARENTLY IT GOT AWAY, BUT...

W-WOUNDED!

WHEN IT WAS WOUNDED BEFORE, JOHN DRESSED THE WOUND! WHAT IF IT SHOULD COME **HERE?**

IF IT'S **REALLY** A WEREWOLF... IT **WILL** KNOW THE WAY!



SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

THERE'S SOMETHING AT THE WINDOW! **SOME-THING** OUT THERE! **SOME-THING** THAT'S ... **OH!**

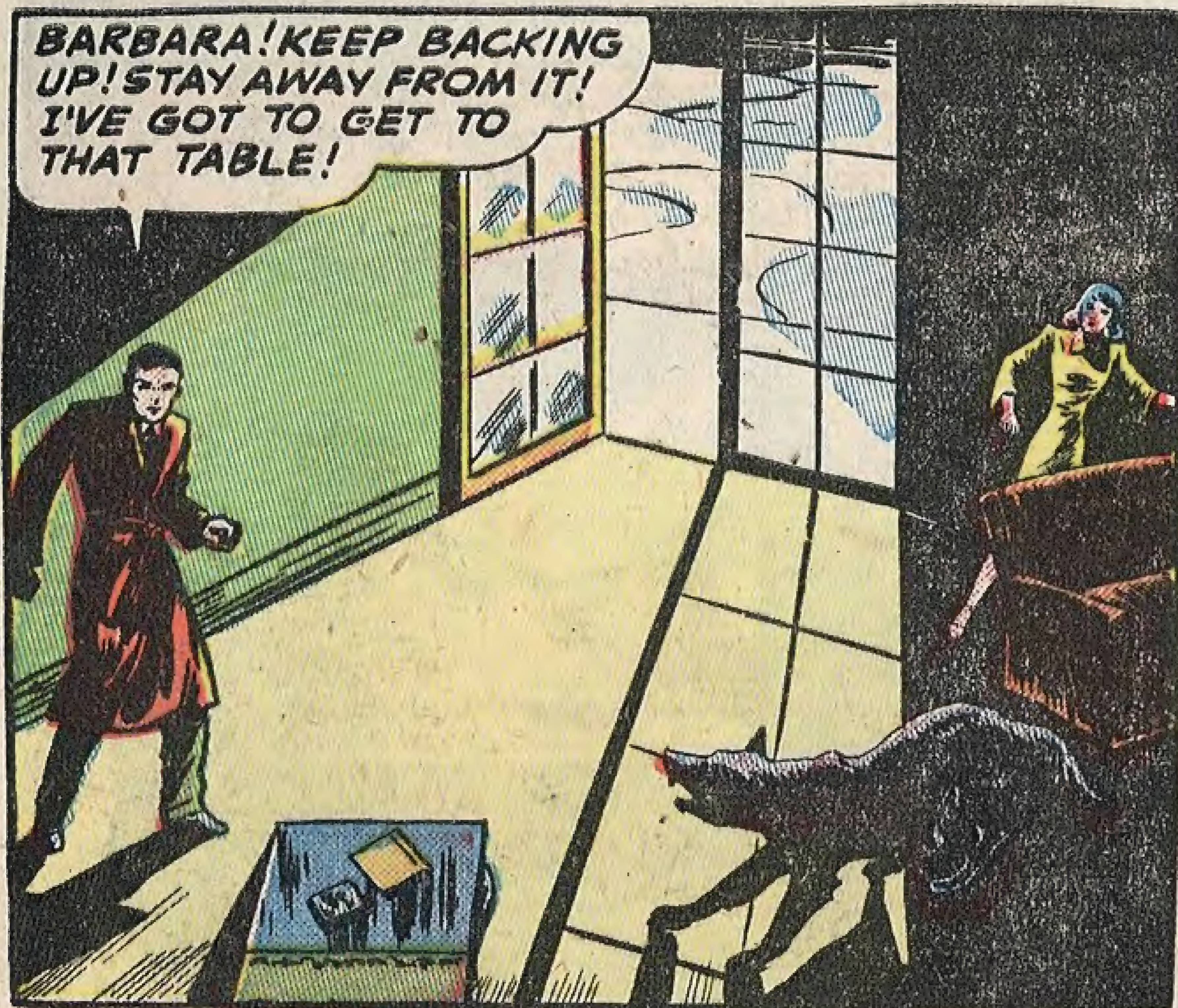


JOHN! JOHN! HELP ME!



CAN'T HOLD OFF... MUCH LONGER! **U-JOHN...**





BARBARA! KEEP BACKING UP! STAY AWAY FROM IT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT TABLE!



I'VE GOT IT! A SILVER PAPER KNIFE! BACK, BARBARA... HERE HE COMES!

GRRRRR!



I'M DONE FOR... IF HE GETS MY THROAT! GOT TO... GET HIM FIRST! UGH!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! LOOK!

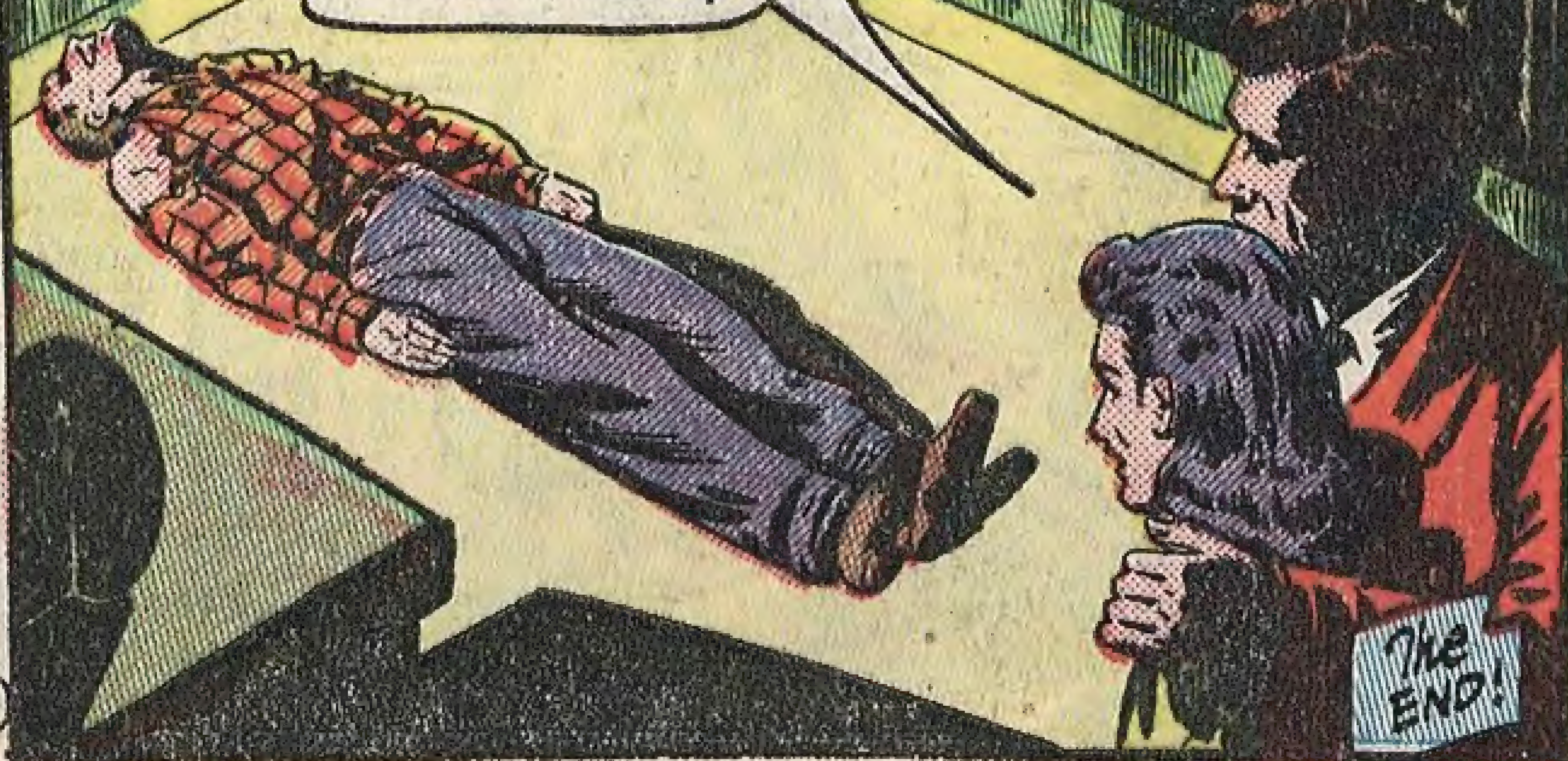


GRRRARGGG!

IN DEATH... JACQUES SHEDS THE MARK OF THE BEAST... AND FINDS RELEASE FROM HIS TORMENT!

A SILVER KNIFE! ANYTHING SILVER IS FATAL TO THE UNDEAD! YOU KNEW? BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE UNDEAD! W-WHAT OPENED YOUR EYES?

SHEER DESPERATION, I GUESS! I... I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE YOU, DARLING!



THE END!

The LIVING GHOST





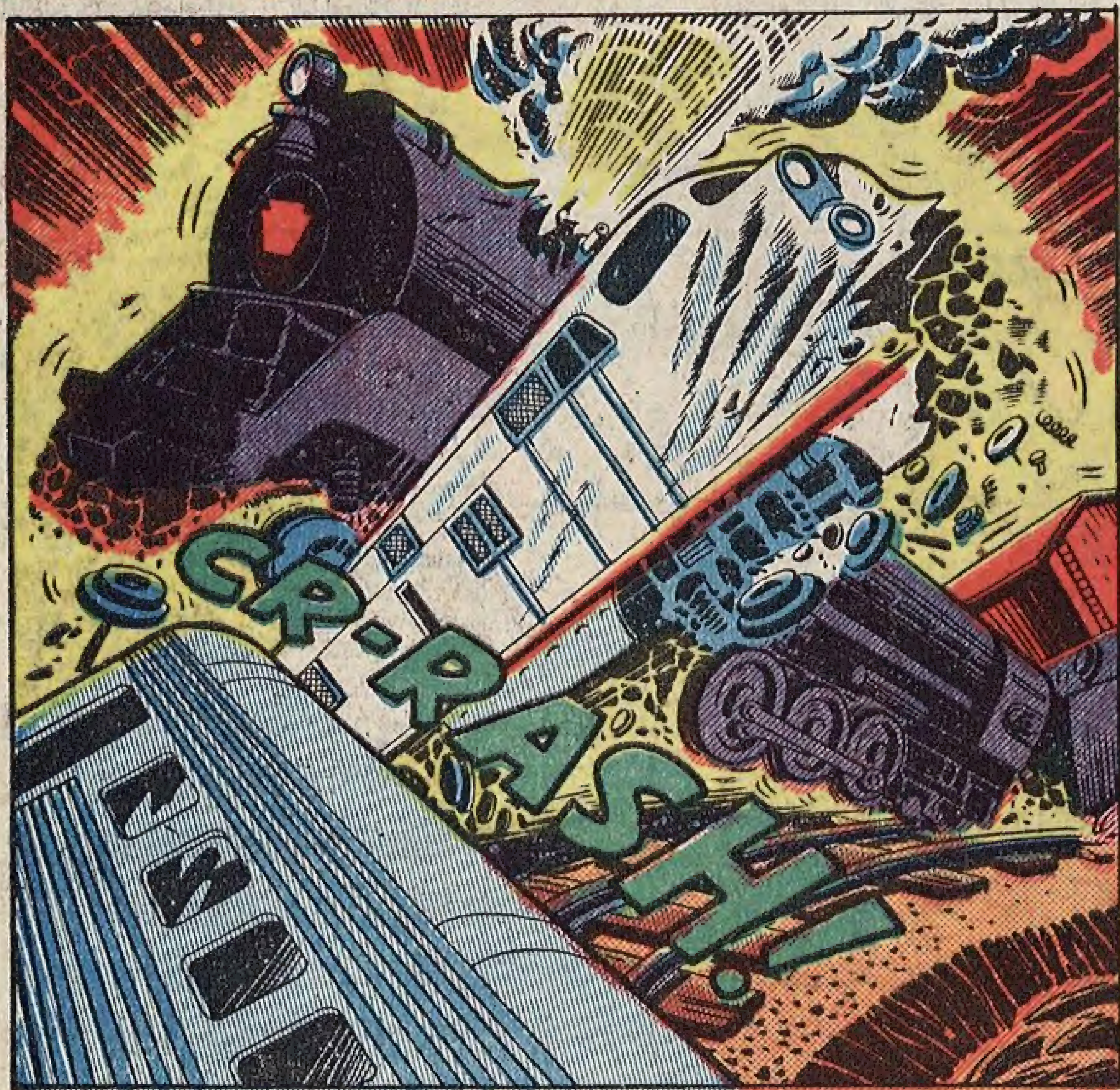
HA-HA!

ARRGH!



THEN, WITH THE FOUL DEED ACCOMPLISHED...

NOW FOR MY NEXT MOVE!
A TURN OF THE SWITCH, AND...



HA-HA-
HA!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...THE DAILY BUGLE...

TRAIN WRECK NEAR OAK STATION...
AND A SWITCHMAN'S BEEN KILLED!
GET DOWN THERE ON THE DOUBLE,
GAIL...AND SEE WHAT GIVES!

HOLD PAGE
ONE, CHIEF...
I'LL BE BACK
IN A FLASH!

WELL...TONY BRAND, THE
D.A.'S SPECIAL INVESTI-
GATOR! HMMM... I
SMELL GUNPOWDER!
A SHOOTING, EH?

GAIL LESLIE, THE
SCOOPLESS WONDER!
YOU'RE MY FAVORITE
GIRL, BUT YOU'RE **STILL**
A ROTTEN DETECTIVE!
...LOOK!



DOES *THIS* LOOK LIKE SHOOTING? HE'S BEEN **STRANGL**ED---BY SOME-ONE OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

OH-HHH!

THAT FACE! I'LL ...I'LL REMEMBER IT IN MY DREAMS!

BETTER TAKE OFF, GAIL... THIS JUST ISN'T A WOMAN'S BUSINESS! BUT DON'T WORRY...I'LL LAND THAT KILLER! **JUST WATCH MY SMOKE!**



YOU ONLY THINK YOU'LL LAND HIM, TONY! DIDN'T RECKON WITH HIM STRIKING AGAIN, DID YOU?

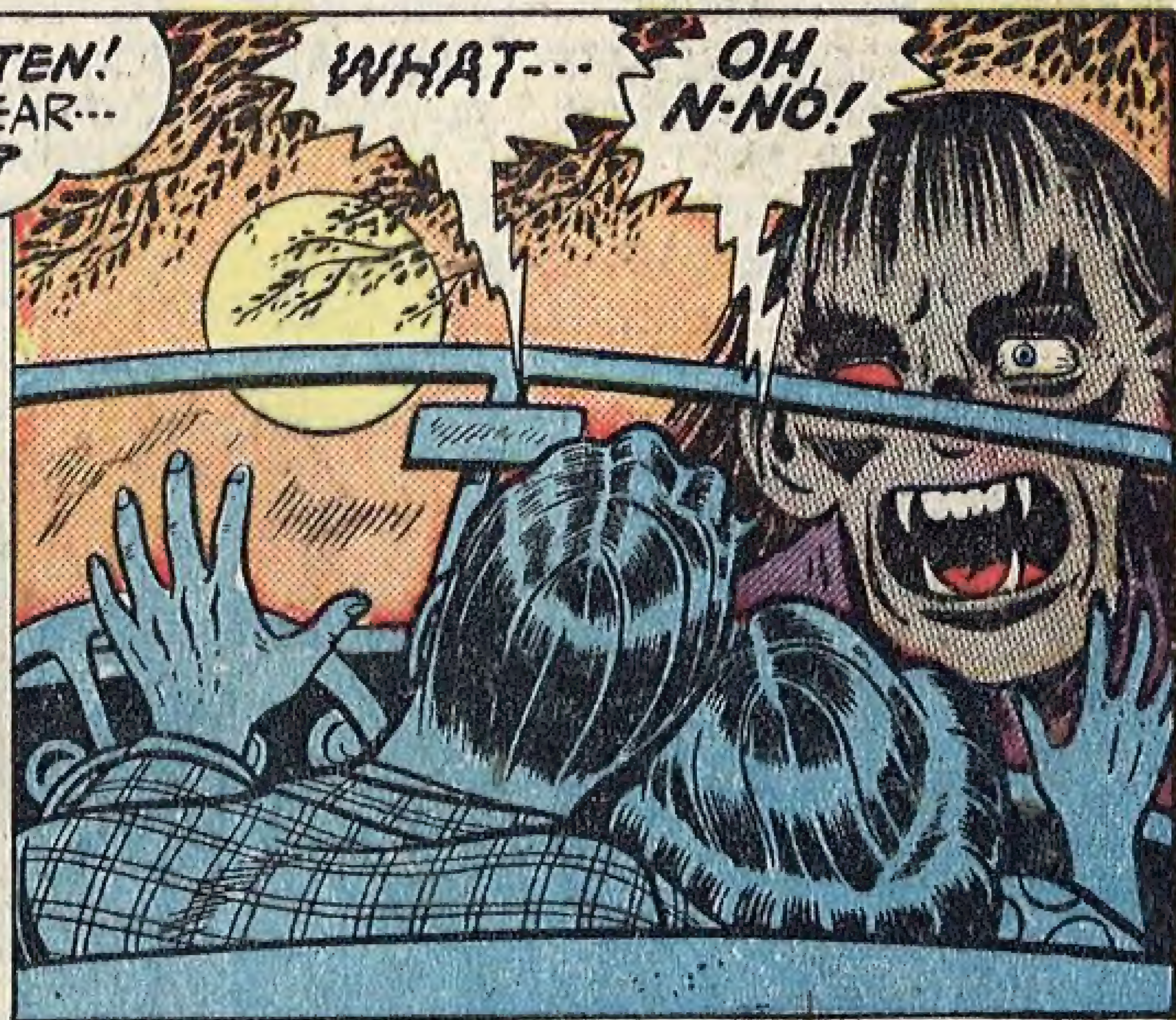
SCENE: A LOCAL LOVER'S LANE...

GOLLY, JEAN... YOU'RE THE CUTEST GIRL I EVER KNEW! I...

WAIT, NED! LISTEN! DIDN'T YOU HEAR... FOOTSTEPS?



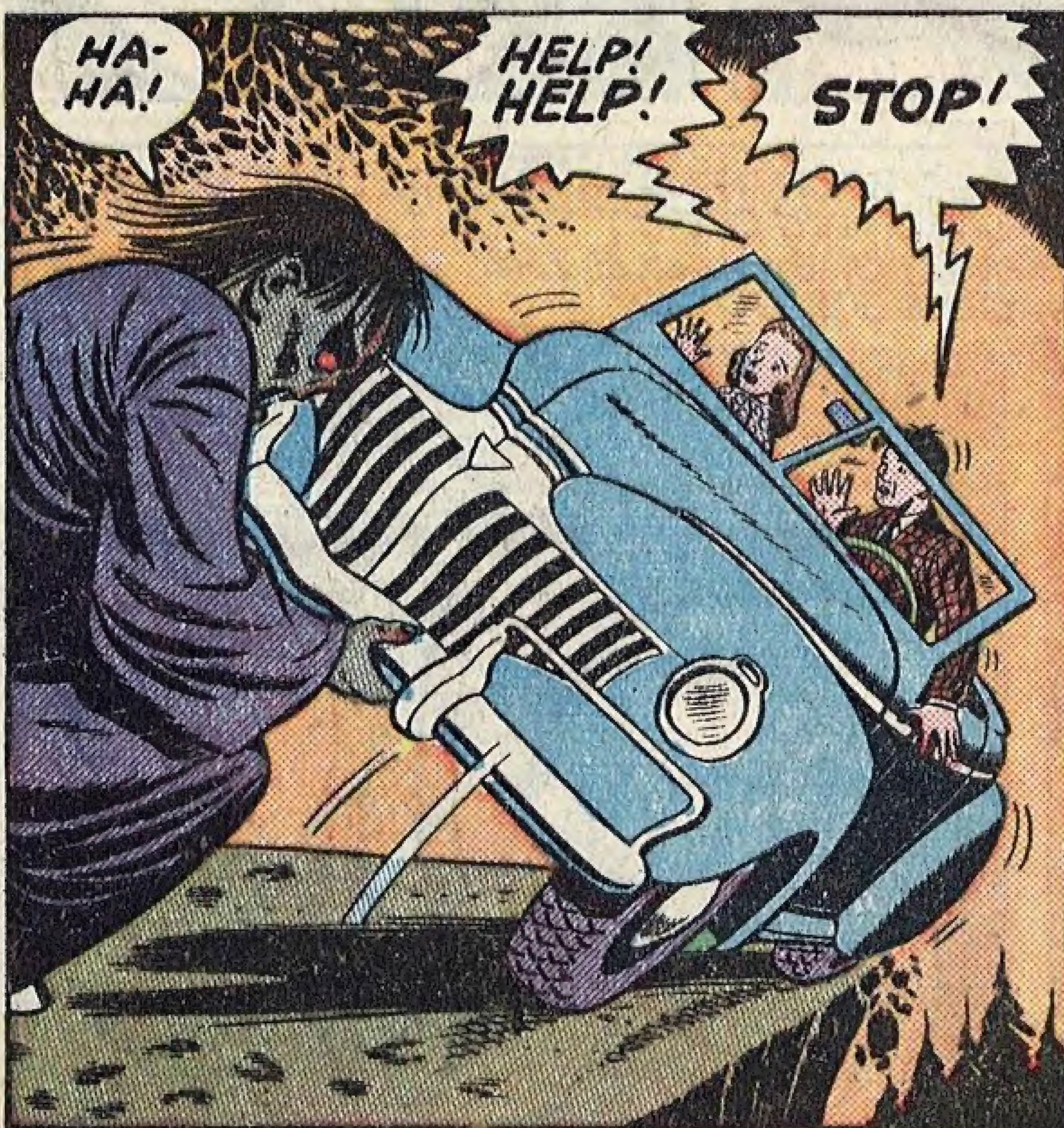
WHAT... OH-N-NO!



HA-HA!

HELP! HELP!

STOP!



WHAM!



AS THE LAW INVESTIGATES...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... THESE TRACKS SHOW THAT THE CAR WASN'T EVEN IN MOTION! THEY LOOK AS IF SOME GIANT HAND ACTUALLY PUSHED IT OVER THE CLIFF!



AND I SMELL GUNPOWDER AGAIN! GUNPOWDER... WHERE IT SHOULDN'T BE!

OH, STOP IT, GAIL... YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE AGAIN!

MAYBE, TONY! HMMM... MORE GUNPOWDER... AND ANOTHER CRIME WHICH DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE EVIL FOR THE SAKE OF EVIL ALONE!



OH, GOSH... IT COULDN'T BE... IT SOUNDS CRAZY... BUT MAYBE THAT SMELL ISN'T GUNPOWDER! MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S BRIMSTONE!

YOU ARE CRAZY! NEXT THING YOU'LL BE TRYING TO TELL ME IS THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF COMMITTED BOTH THESE CRIMES! LOOK, I'M FINISHED HERE... BUT LET'S GO DANCING TONIGHT!

OKAY, TONY... PICK ME UP AT MY APARTMENT! GO ON AHEAD... I WANT TO LOOK AROUND HERE AWHILE!

ALONE, GAIL MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

J-JEEPERS AND CREEPERS! IT... IT'S THE MARK OF A CLOVEN HOOF!



GLOVEN HOOVES... THE SMELL OF BRIMSTONE... **WHAT IS THIS, READER?** GAIL ISN'T SURE, BUT SHE'S PLENTY SCARED! AND WHEN A TRAIL OF HOOFPRIITS LEADS TO A HIDDEN CAVE... **STAND BY FOR DANGER!**

B-BONES! I WANT OUT... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!

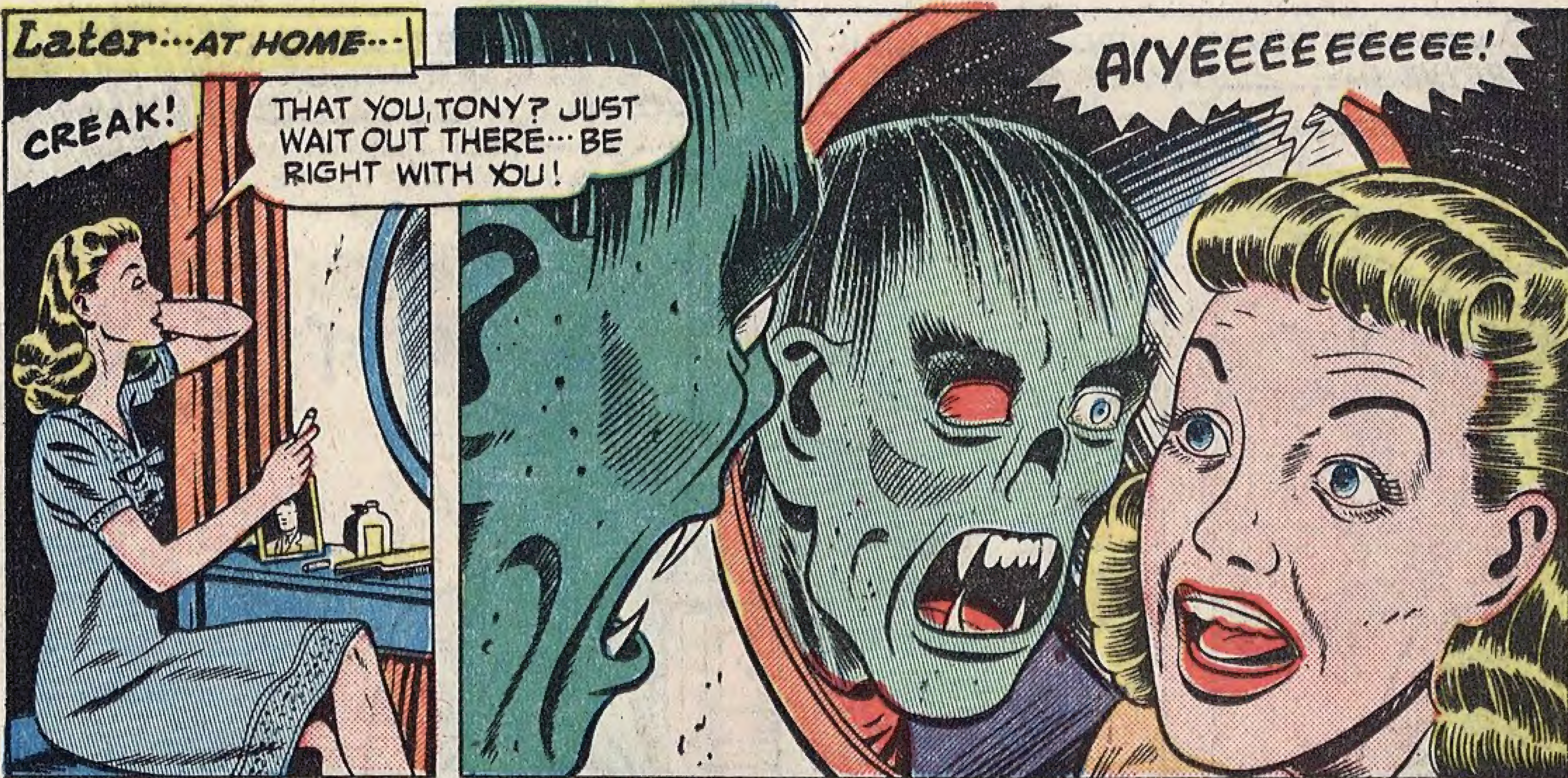
THOSE HOOFMARKS... IT MUST BE JUST SOME ANIMAL... IT'S G-GOT TO BE THAT! B-BUT I'M GOING HOME... **WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!**



Later...AT HOME...

CREAK!

THAT YOU, TONY? JUST
WAIT OUT THERE... BE
RIGHT WITH YOU!



SO, PRETTY ONE... YOU FEAR *THE LIVING GHOST*, EH?
NO NEED... I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU EASILY,
BACK IN MY CAVE! BUT YOU WERE TOO BEAUTIFUL,
SO I MERELY FOLLOWED YOU HERE! IT TOOK ME
A WHILE TO MAKE UP MY MIND...

...BUT I'VE DECIDED THAT YOU'RE
MINE... SO I CAME TO TAKE YOU!
YOU'LL NEED THIS COAT... I TRAVEL
TO MANY PLACES THAT ARE
COLD! HA-HA!



WHAT... WHAT ARE
YOU G-GOING TO
DO?

WATCH! YOU'LL FIND MUCH
TO ADMIRE IN ME... I AM NOT
LIKE ORDINARY MORTALS!



AH, WE MUST TRAVEL THUS, MY DEAR!
IT WOULDN'T DO TO LET PEOPLE SEE
MY FACE... AND LIVE TO TELL
OF IT!

HELP!
HELP!



AND WHEN TONY ARRIVES...

MERCIFUL HEAVENS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED
HERE?

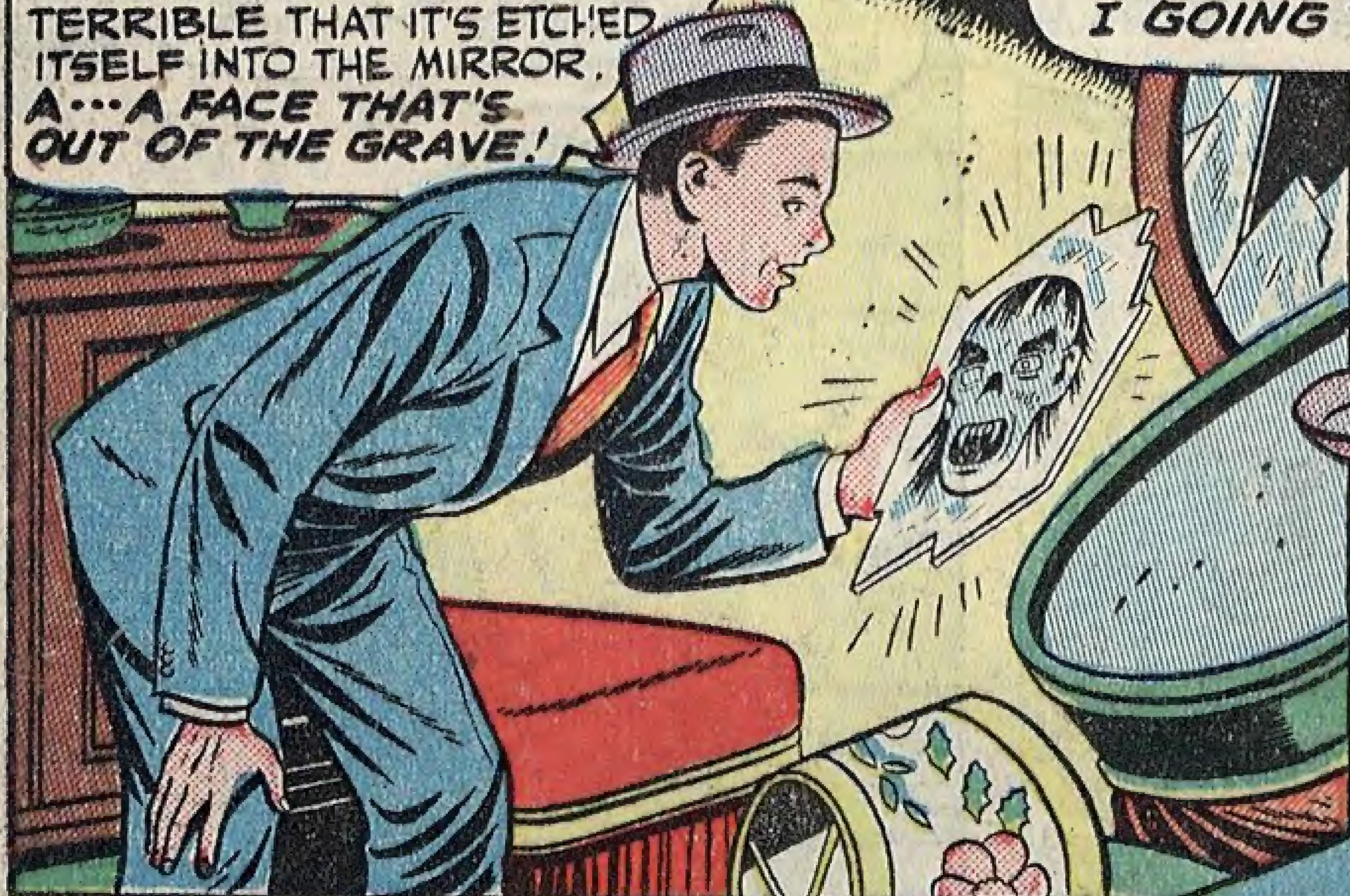
THE LIVING GHOST! AND GAIL
GONE! IF THIS IS HER IDEA OF A
JOKE...



Then... A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY!

HOLY S-SMOKE! A FACE SO
TERRIBLE THAT IT'S ETCHED
ITSELF INTO THE MIRROR.
A... A FACE THAT'S
OUT OF THE GRAVE!

THEN... THEN SUPERNATURAL FORCES **DO** EXIST!
SOMETHING BEYOND LIFE ITSELF IS AT WORK
...AND IT'S GOT GAIL! WHAT... WHAT AM
I GOING TO DO?



YES, TONY...
WHAT ARE
YOU
GOING TO
DO? YOU,
A MERE
MORTAL...
AGAINST A
SPECTRAL
FORCE OF
DEADLY EVIL!
HELL... FIRST
STEP... AT
THE
INSTITUTE
FOR
PSYCHIC
RESEARCH...

THIS FACE, DR. VANDYKE... HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN IT? DO THE WORDS
LIVING GHOST MEAN ANY-
THING TO YOU?

GOOD
HEAVENS
...YES!

ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGENDS, **THE
LIVING GHOST** IS AN AGE-OLD
APPARITION... THE PERSONIFICATION
OF BLACK EVIL ITSELF! BACK AT THE
BEGINNING OF THE WORLD, WHEN
SATAN, THE FALLEN ANGEL, WAS
DRIVEN INTO BANISHMENT...

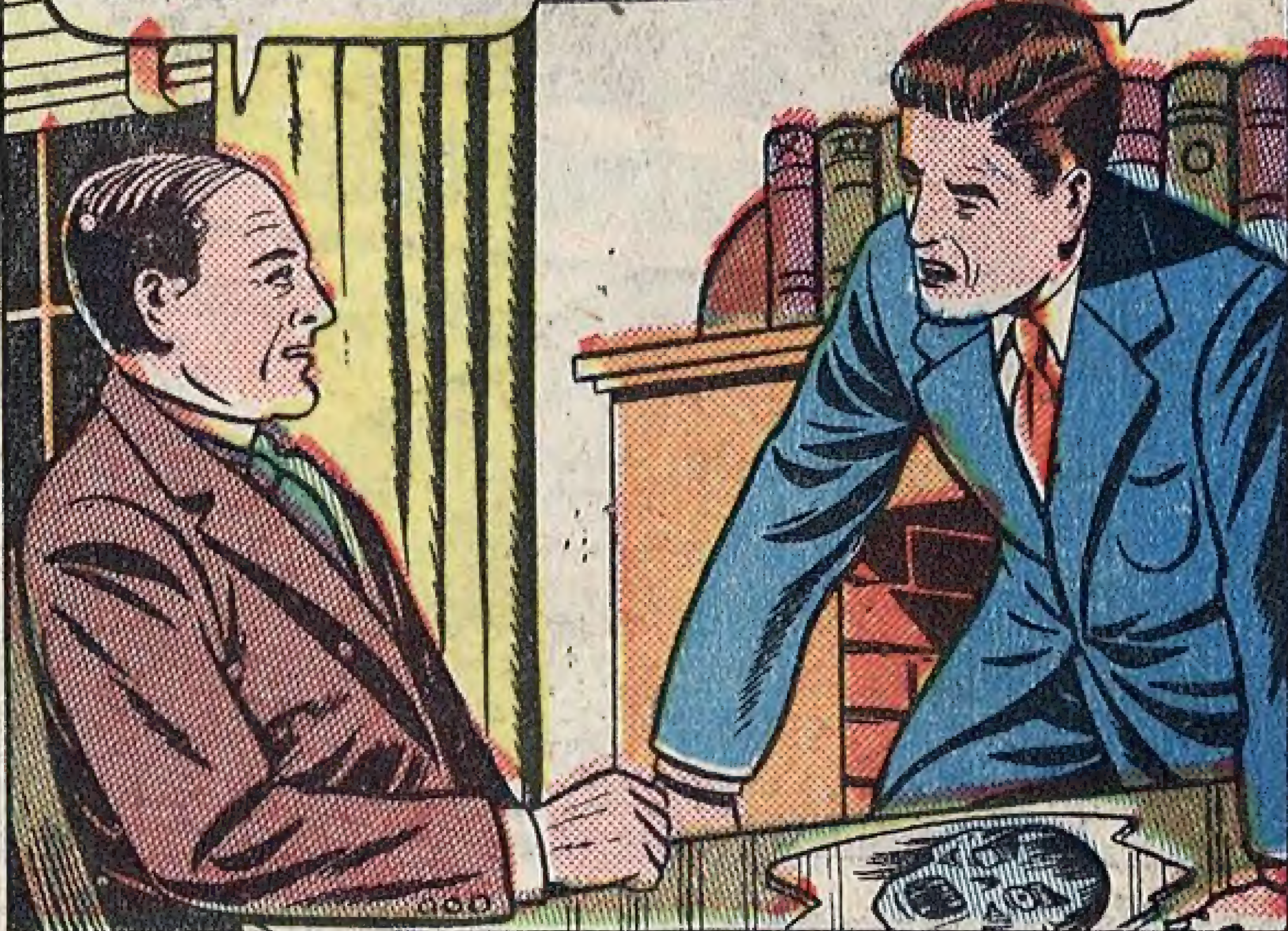


...MALEVO, HIS CHIEF LIEUTENANT... BASICALLY EVEN MORE EVIL THAN HIS MASTER... WAS CONDEMNED TO WANDER THE WORLD IN HUMAN SHAPE FOREVER, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MORTALS! AND MEN KNOW HIM AS... **THE LIVING GHOST!**



IT'S SAID THAT ONCE IN EVERY CENTURY, HE WALKS THE WORLD AGAIN, SOWING EVIL MURDER IN HIS WAKE! AND NOW... IT'S COME TO PASS!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND HIM, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO!



BRACE YOURSELF, TONY... THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE! HE'S ONLY PART MAN... THE REST IS **GHOST!** AND NO HUMAN CAN COMBAT THE SUPERNATURAL! BUT TAKE THIS ANCIENT CHURCH RELIC... A PETRIFIED OLIVE BRANCH! ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IT HAS THE POWER TO RENDER A GHOST **MORTAL!** USE IT IF YOU SHOULD EVER CATCH UP WITH HIM!



THANKS, DOC...

MEANWHILE... WHAT OF GAIL?

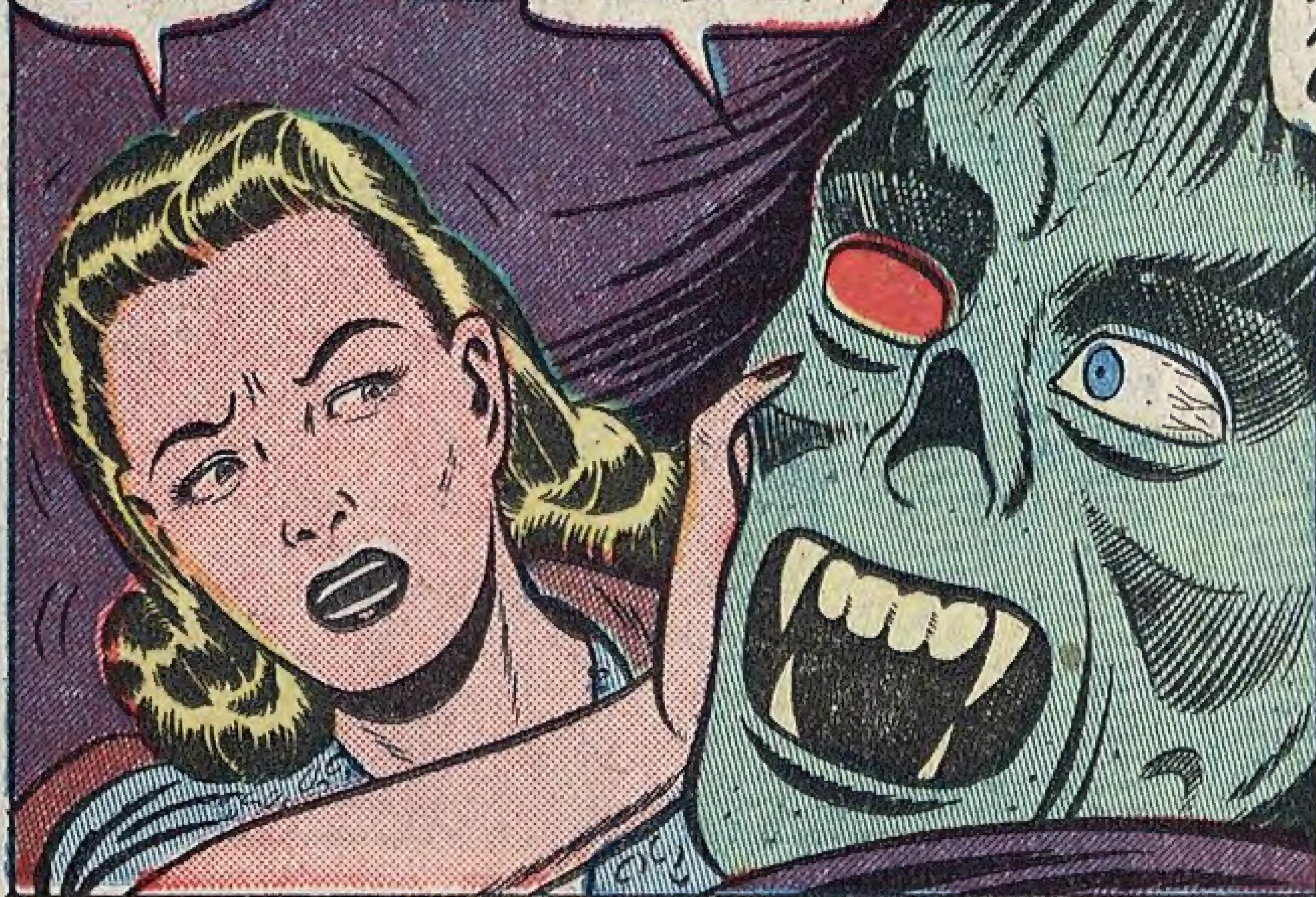
PLEASE... WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

BECAUSE NEVER, THROUGH THE CENTURIES, HAVE I SEEN BEAUTY LIKE YOURS... NEVER ONE MORE FIT TO SHARE MY GREAT POWERS! YOU SHALL JOIN US... THE LEGION OF THE UNDEAD... **AS MY QUEEN!**



NO... NO! KEEP AWAY, YOU FOUL BEAST!

SO YOU **SCORN** ME! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND AND GLADLY... WHEN YOU SEE AN EXAMPLE OF MY **POWERS!**



COME, OH DREAD AND EVIL DEAD! TO ME, OH SATAN'S HOST! BRING DOOM AND GLOOM FROM MOLDY TOMB... **APPROACH THE LIVING GHOST!**



CAN A WEIRD INCANTATION PIERCE THE VEIL OF THE UNKNOWN... BRING THE LONG-DEAD TO THE SERVICE OF A GHOSTLY MASTER?

WATCH!



FROM EVERY QUARTER... THE HOSTS OF AGE-OLD EVIL!



MEANWHILE, TONY ISN'T GIVING UP! DESPERATELY HUNTING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE LIVING GHOST'S TRAIL, HE SEARCHES THE SCENE OF THE LAST MURDER! AND SUDDENLY HE SEES...



THEY...THEY'RE **SPECTERS**...**INHUMAN!**
AND IF **THEY'RE** HERE, **THE LIVING GHOST**
MUST BE NEARBY! I'LL FOLLOW THEM
...BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIDDEN!



**PURSUIT...TO THE CAVE OF
EVIL! PEERING WITHIN...**

**OH, N-NO! T-TELL
ME I'M DREAM-
ING!**



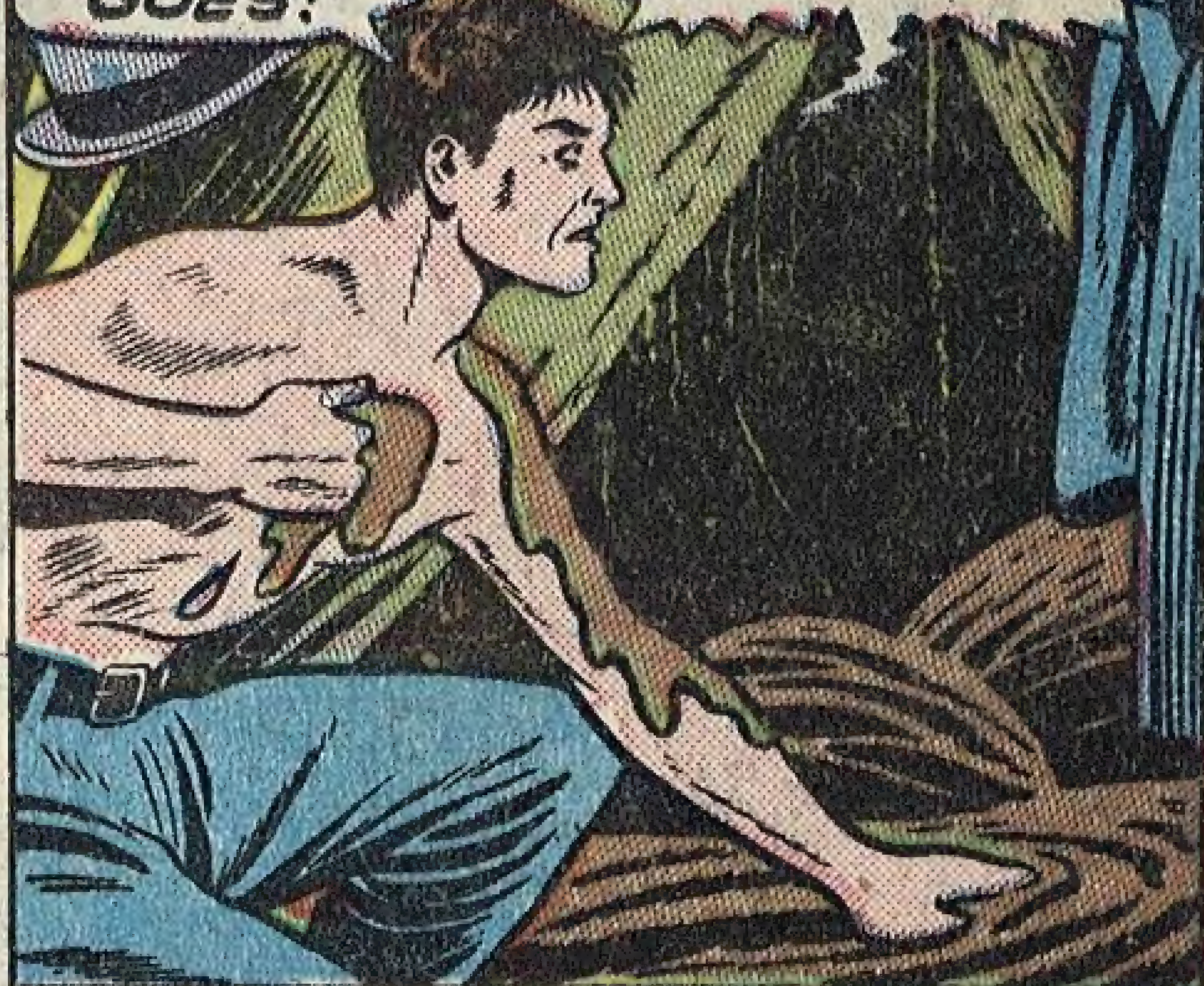
ON, LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED...ON!
NEVER MORE WILL SHE WHO CAN
RULE WITH ME DOUBT MY POWERS!

**HELP!
HELP!**



THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO AGAINST
THAT UNHOLY MOB...UNLESS I TAKE THIS
LONG CHANCE ON SLIPPING IN UNRECOGNIZED!
A COATING OF MUD
... AND HERE
GOES!

AIYEEEEEEEE!



THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM...I
HOPE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET TO
GAIL...MAKE HER UNDERSTAND...

**NO! NO!
KEEP
AWAY!**

**OH-HHH!
PLEASE
DON'T...**

SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT! LISTEN...
IT'S ME...TONY! PRETEND TO
PLAY ALONG WITH THE HEAD
GHOUL! TELL HIM YOU'LL DO ANY
THING HE WANTS IF HE'LL GET RID
OF HIS LITTLE PLAY-
MATES!



WITH THE LIGHT OF A WILD HOPE DAWNING IN HER EYES...

PLEASE! I'LL RULE WITH YOU... DO ANYTHING YOU WANT... IF ONLY YOU'LL GET RID OF THESE AWFUL CREATURES!

I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY FINALLY! **WATCH!**

BACK TO SLIME FROM WHENCE YOU CAME, BACK TO DEATH, DECAY! BACK TO FIRE AND TO FLAME... YOUR MASTER SPEAKS... OBEY!



WHAT! ALL GONE... BUT YOU! THEN YOU'RE NO SPIRIT... YOU'RE A MORTAL MAN!

SO I'VE BEEN TRICKED, EH? **YOU FOOLS...** THINKING THAT YOU COULD FIGHT A SUPERHUMAN POWER! THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER... **DEATH!**

STEADY, GAIL... WE'VE GOT A SLIM CHANCE YET! THE TALISMAN DR. VANDYKE GAVE ME!



AH-HHH!

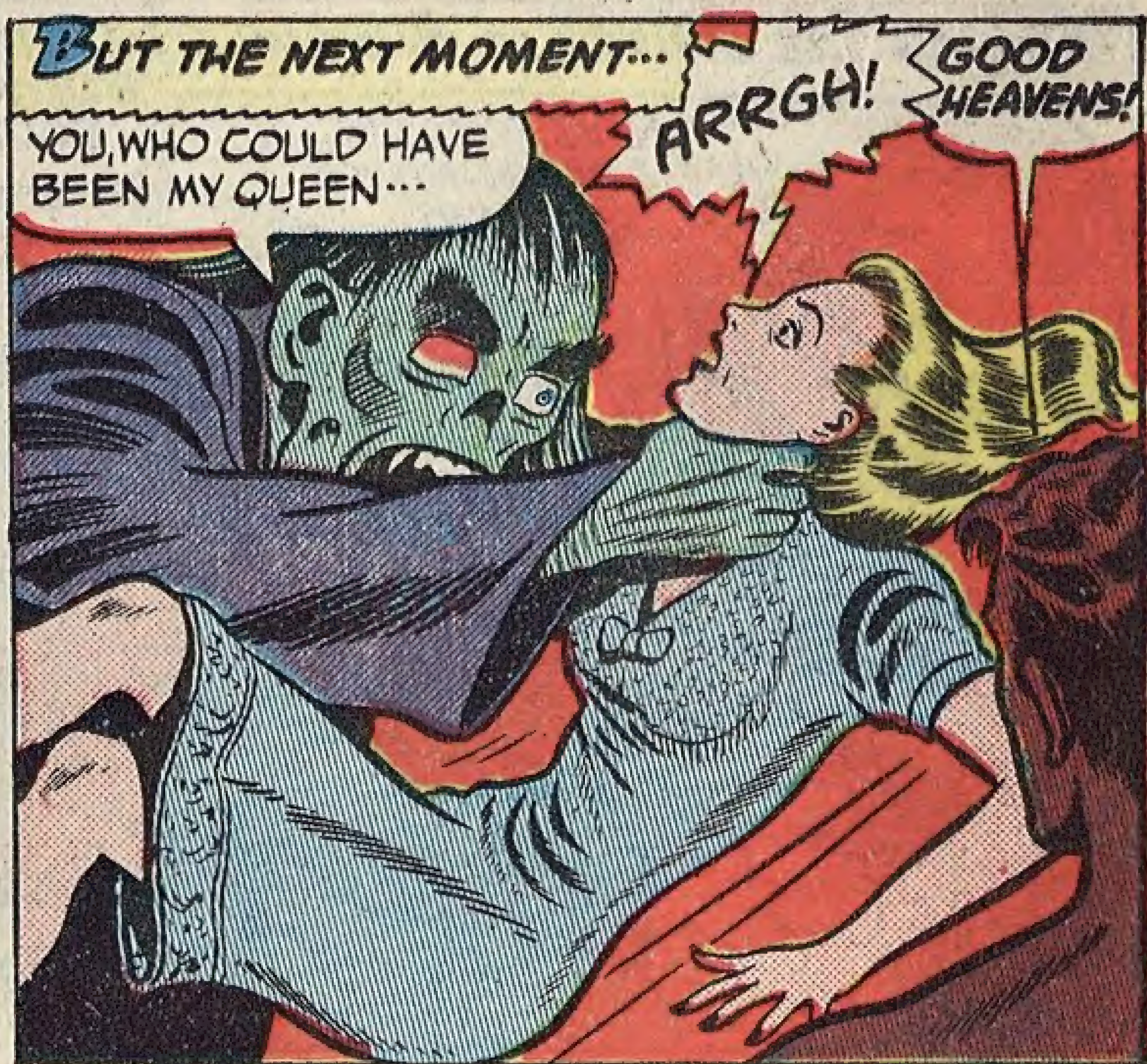
TONY! IT... IT'S STOPPED HIM! WHAT..

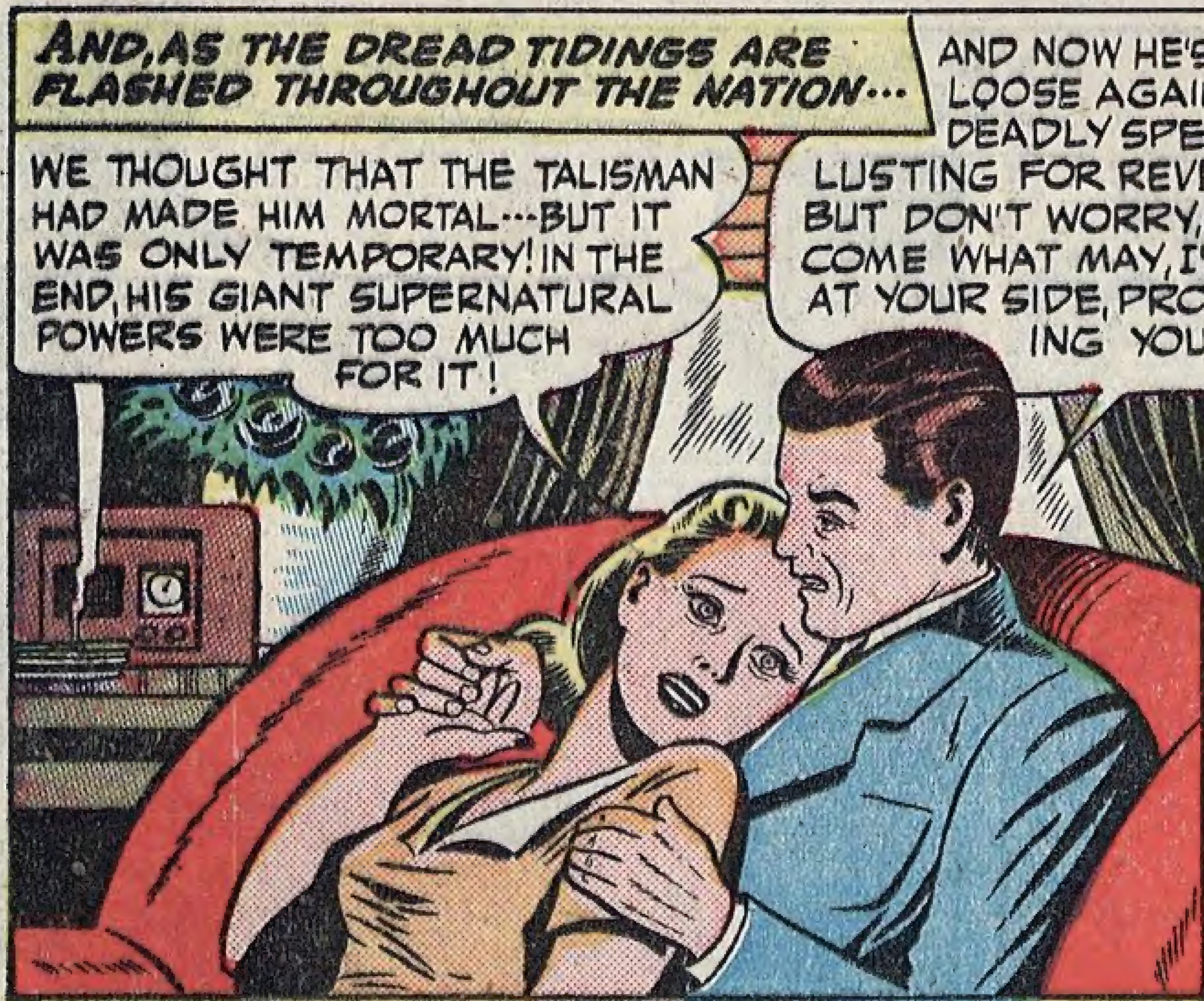
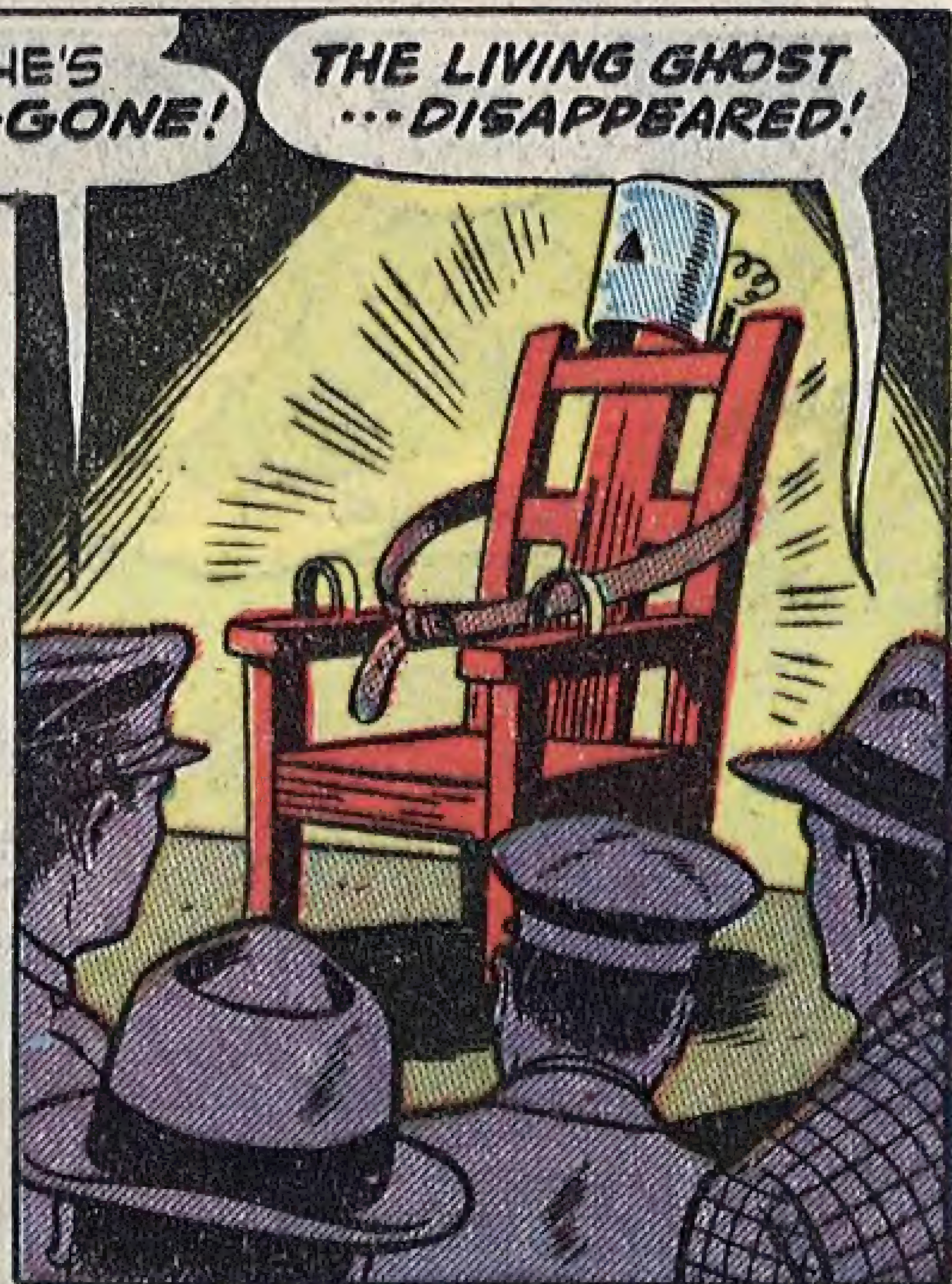
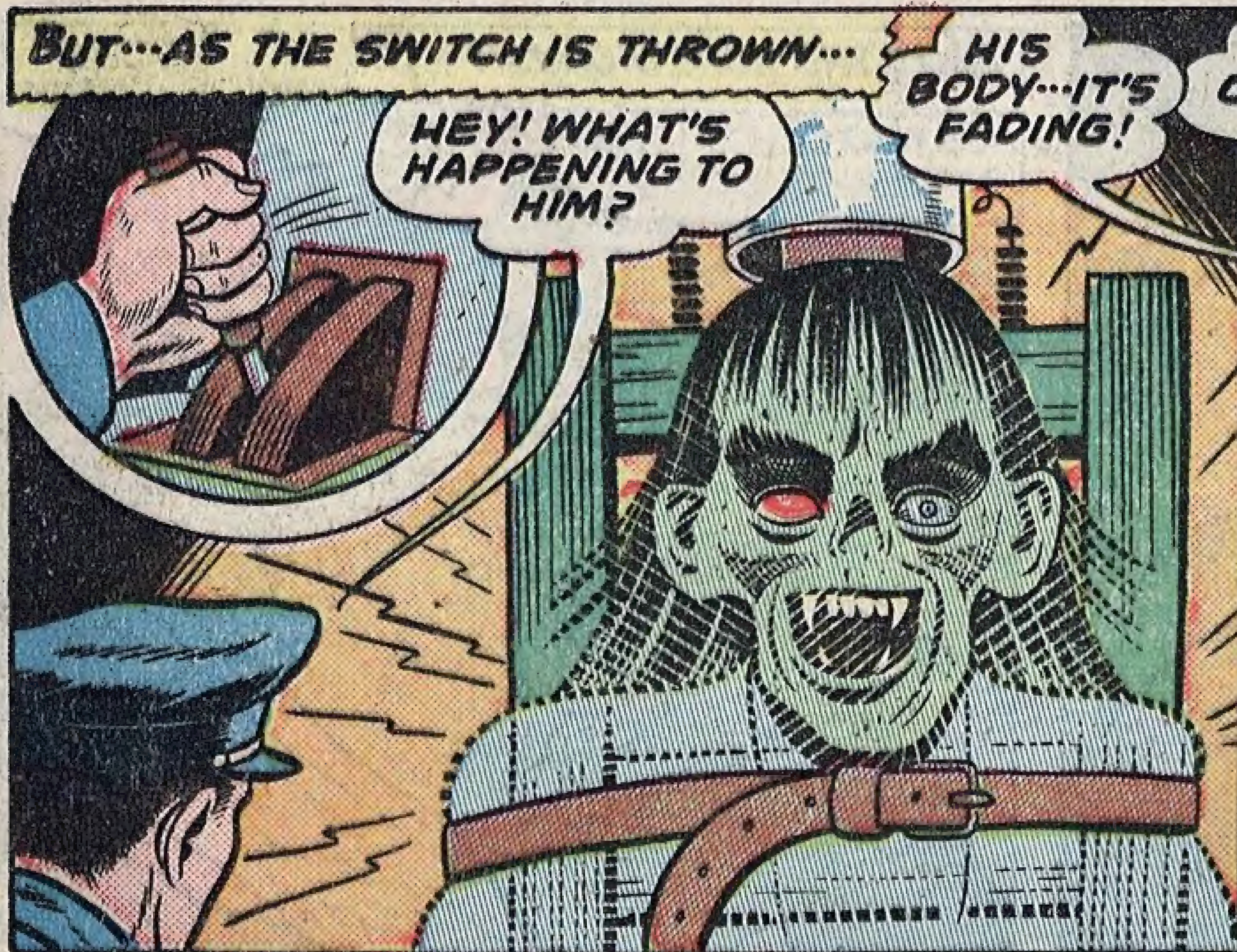
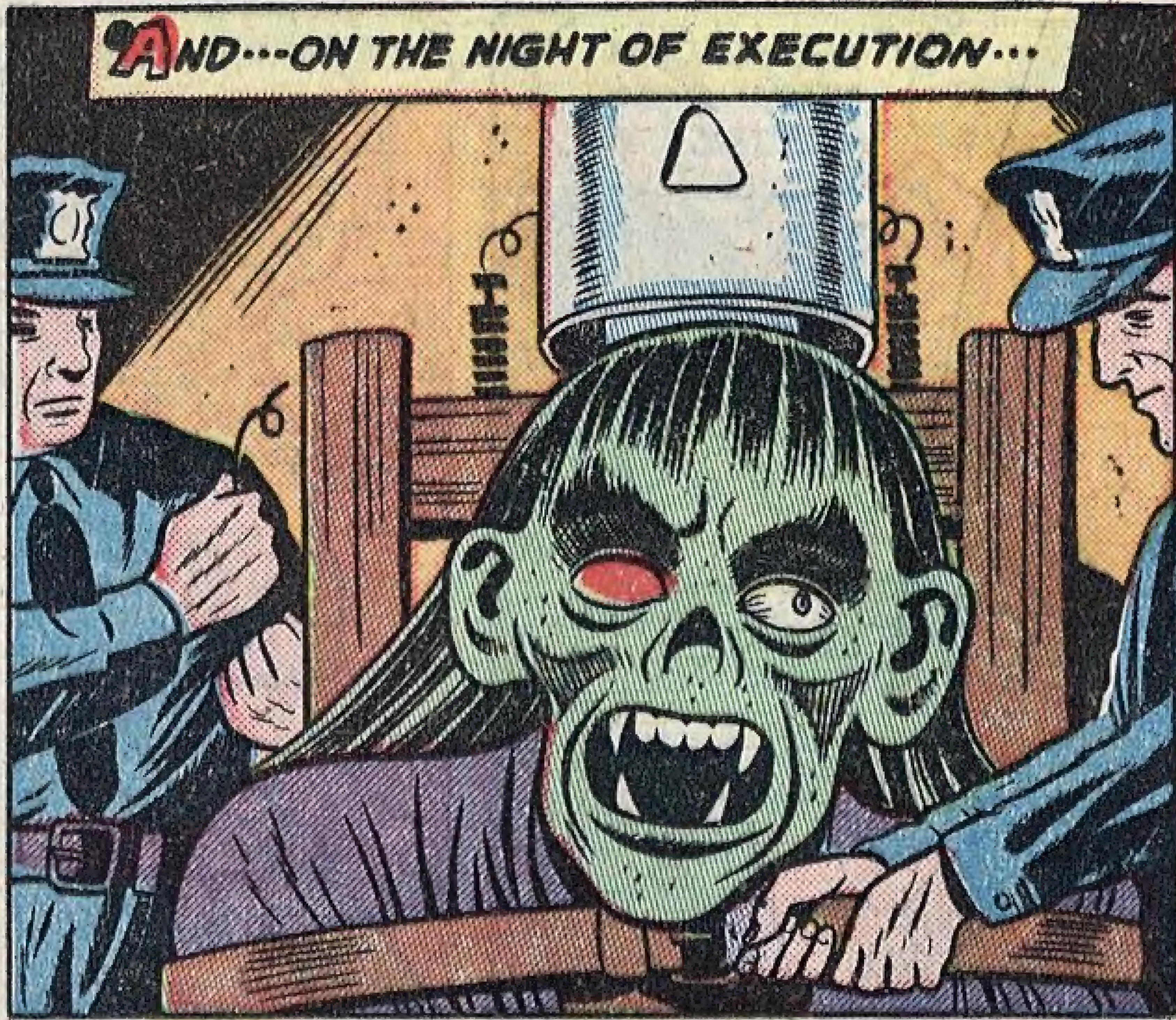
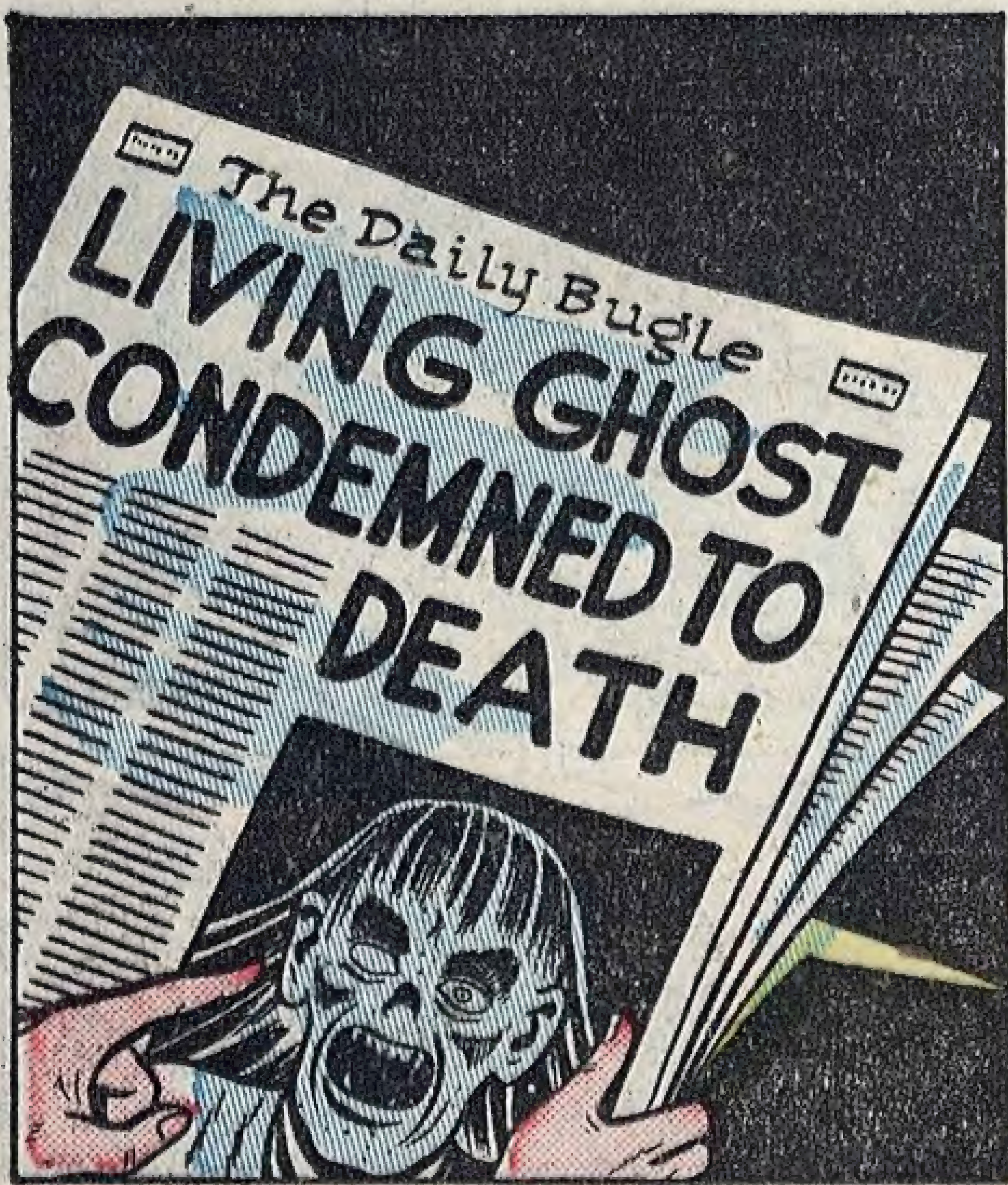
IT'S AN ANCIENT CHURCH RELIC... **AND IT'S MADE THE LIVING GHOST MORTAL!**

MORTAL, YES... BUT YOUR LITTLE WEAPON HASN'T ROBBED ME OF THE GIANT STRENGTH I'VE CARRIED WITH ME DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES! **YOU'LL DIE KNOWING THAT!**

COME AHEAD, GHOST... I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! **IT'S MAN TO MAN NOW!**







The END

Strange SPIRITS

VOODOO

HE IS OUR ENEMY!
DIE! DIE! AIEE!

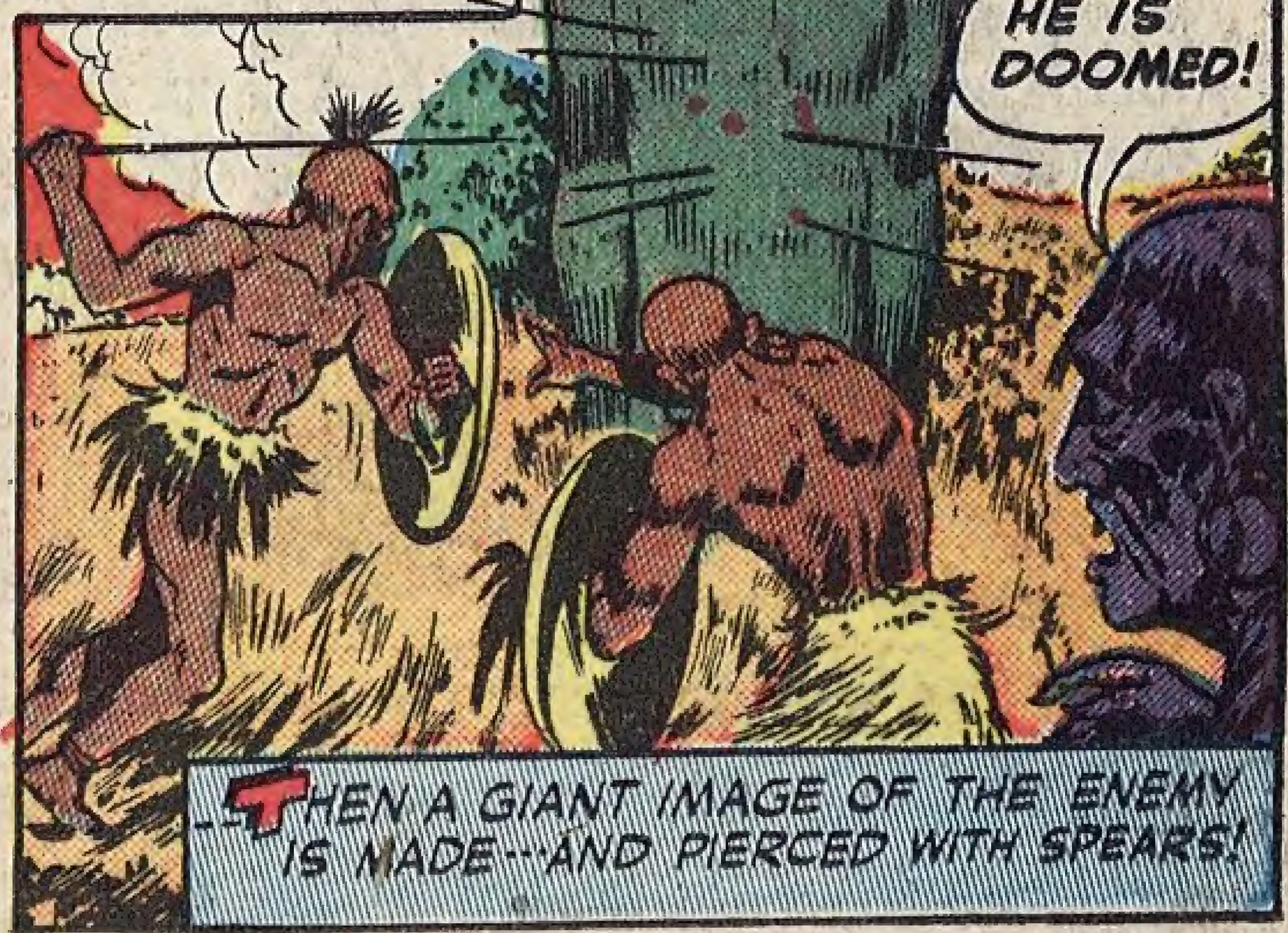
BAROOM

BOOMM!

VOODOO...A STRANGE JUNGLE SUPERSTITION...ACTUALLY HAS BEEN KNOWN TO WORK! IT MIGHT START OUT WITH A WITCH DOCTOR, BEATING OUT A HYMN OF HATE...



IT'S THE
VOODOO
CURSE!
HE IS
DOOMED!



THEN A GIANT IMAGE OF THE ENEMY IS MADE--AND PIERCED WITH SPEARS!



AARGG!

AND OFTEN, WHEN A MAN'S IMAGE IS PIERCED...HE DIES!



RISE, OH
CORPSE, AND
DO MY
BIDDING!

YES, VODOO KILLS...BUT IT IS SAID THAT IT CAN ALSO RAISE THE DEAD!



GLAGG!

UP FROM THE DAMPCLOTTED EARTH COME--ZOMBIES! LIVING DEAD MEN, WITH THE MOLD OF THE GRAVE UPON THEM! VODOO SLAVES--READY TO DESTROY!



AT THE VODOO MASTER'S COMMAND...DEATH! THEN...BACK TO THEIR GRAVES!



VOODOO IS ONLY ONE OF MANY TERRIFYING FOLK BELIEFS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD! WATCH FOR ANOTHER THRILLING 'STRANGE SPIRITS' FEATURE IN OUR NEXT GREAT ISSUE!

The PAINTED GRAVE

JOHN DRAKE shuddered as he stared at the picture. He had painted a masterpiece—but a masterpiece of horror! Dead white eyes it had, and the fangs of a jungle beast. And now it seemed almost alive as it returned his stare from the lighted canvas. It had been human once, and was portrayed standing next to a yawning grave, from which a spade caked with damp earth projected.

Few men possessed the courage to imagine such a thing, much less depict it on canvas. But John Drake was a strange person. Possessed of an artistic genius which lent life to his creations, he was obsessed with an urge to paint only nameless horrors. And in this picture, he had reached the climax of his career! It lived. One could almost smell the damp earth from the open grave. And as to the awful creature that stood there—what was it? Ghoul? Zombie? Drake himself wasn't sure. He looked again—and a wave of dizziness swept over him. He couldn't break away—the thing's glaring eyes seemed to grip him in a hypnotic spell!

It took determination to turn his eyes away, but he finally did it. *When!* No doubt about it, he had done his work well. He had surpassed himself; had breathed weird life into the creation on the canvas. Now he had to get away from it; away from that sinister, yawning grave. With a weary shrug, he crossed the room to a mirror and stood regarding himself in the shadows. He saw his face, sensitive and careworn—and behind him, the reflection of the awful picture he had painted. But what was making the room so dark? As though someone had pulled down all the blinds, shutting out the moonlight?

Suddenly the mirror showed him some-

thing else. A shadow, weaving about close to the canvas! But how—how could the picture cast a *moving* shadow?

Drake's scalp began to tingle. Now his ears sensed footsteps behind him, crossing the floor with a dull, insistent tread. It *couldn't* be! He could find out easily enough, simply by turning. Why couldn't he turn? What was holding him rooted to the floor in the grip of a nameless terror?

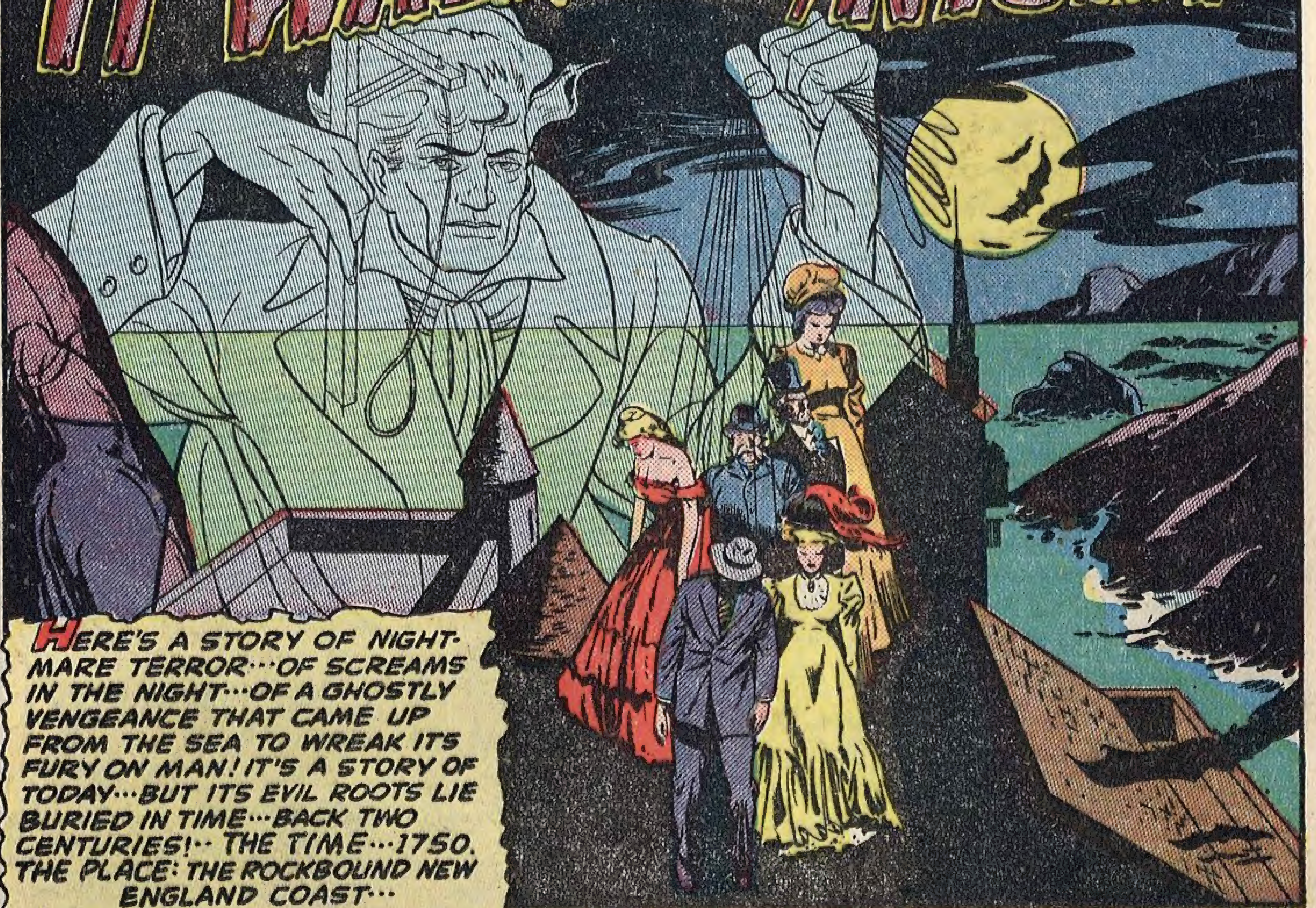
He started to scream even before he saw the face. For the *thing* was standing there, staring at him with glassy eyes, its fangs bared and drooling. Then, with an inhuman screech—it leaped!

Drake fought it with all his strength. Sweat pouring off his face, his neckcords swelling, he struggled frenziedly against claws that raked and tore. But it was too strong for him! Shrieking and struggling, he felt himself being dragged toward the canvas—toward a yawning, painted grave that was *too realistic!*

* * *

The strange mystery of John Drake's disappearance was never solved. It created a sensation for awhile, but was at last forgotten. The police investigated, but finally were forced to admit defeat, closing their files on the great painter. Quite a crowd attended the auctioning off of his canvases, and the highest price was paid for the great masterpiece he had completed just before he dropped from sight, never to be heard of again. It was a graveyard scene, amazingly lifelike in its every detail. There was nothing in the picture—except for a filled grave, with the earth around it trampled as if a struggle had taken place.

IT WALKED by NIGHT

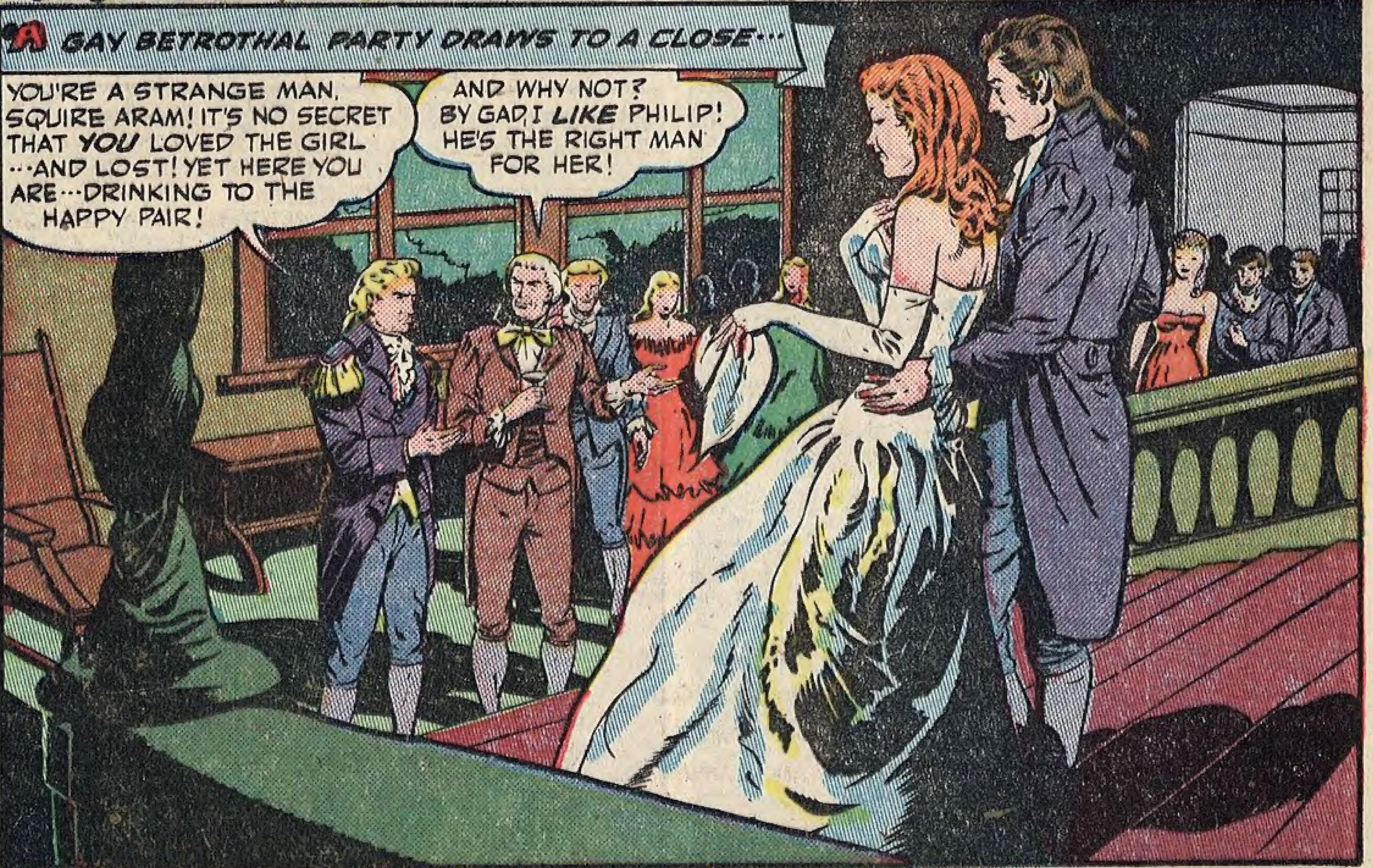


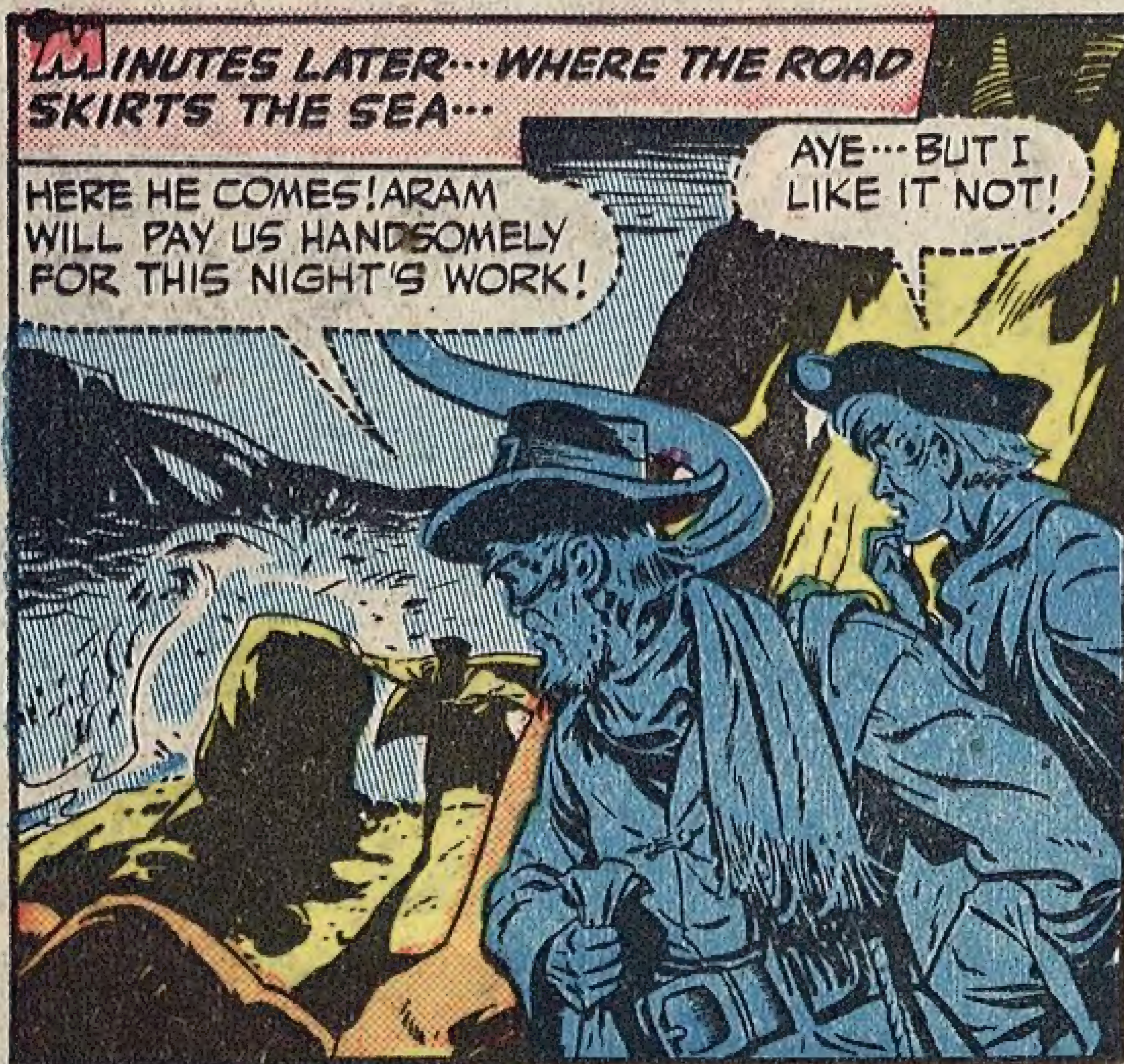
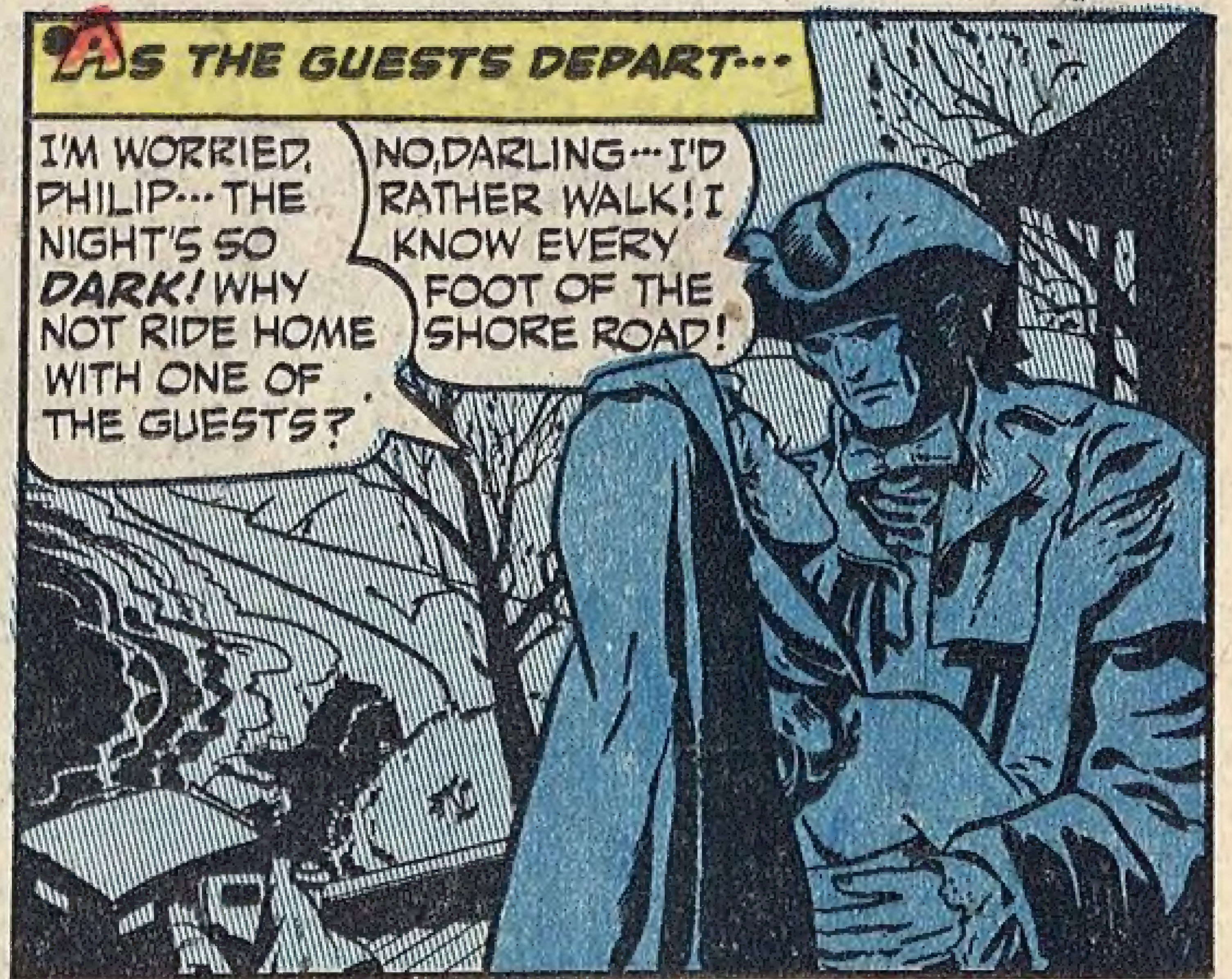
HERE'S A STORY OF NIGHT-MARE TERROR...OF SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...OF A GHOSTLY VENGEANCE THAT CAME UP FROM THE SEA TO WREAK ITS FURY ON MAN! IT'S A STORY OF TODAY...BUT ITS EVIL ROOTS LIE BURIED IN TIME...BACK TWO CENTURIES!... THE TIME...1750. THE PLACE: THE ROCKBOUND NEW ENGLAND COAST...

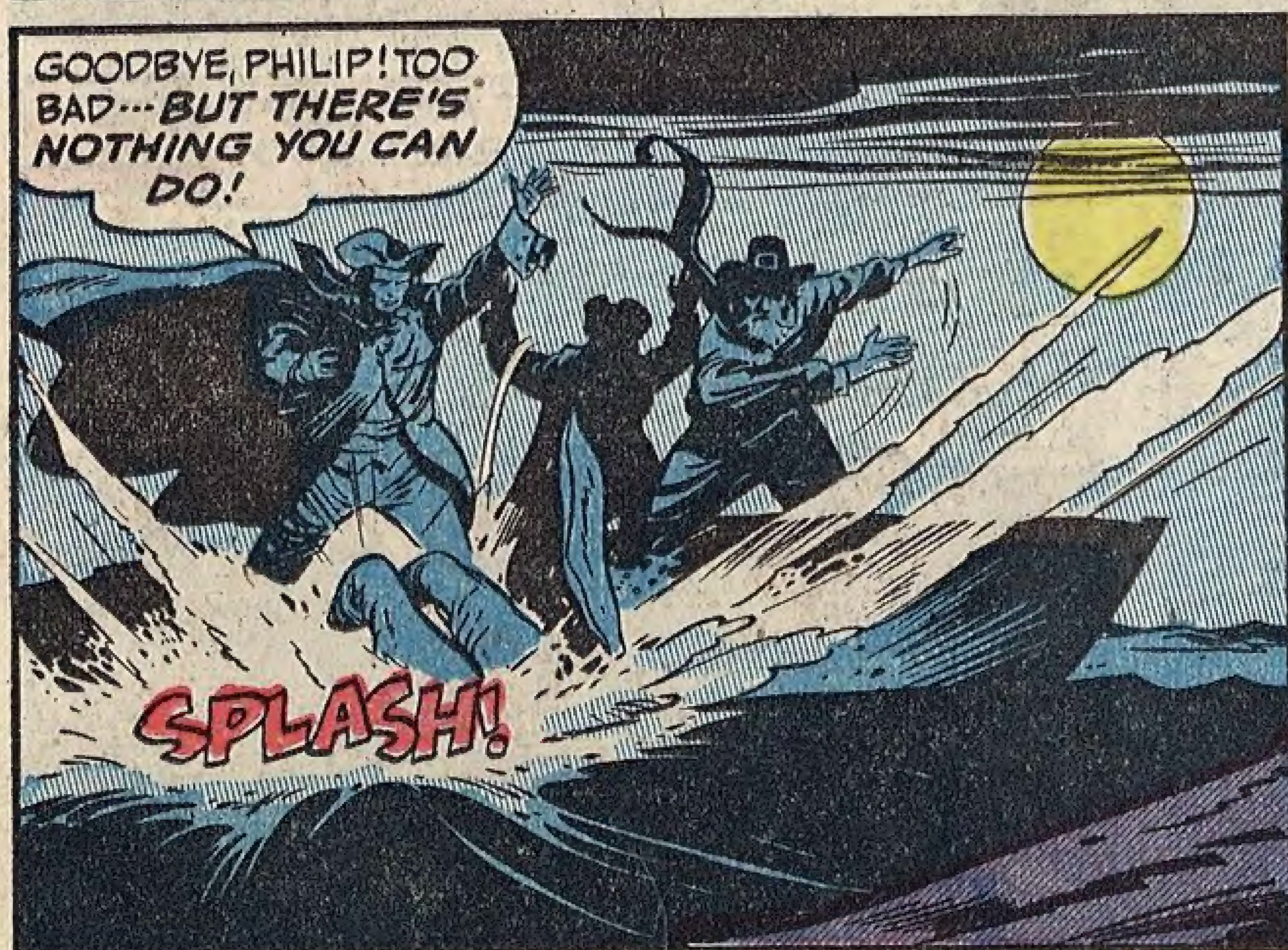
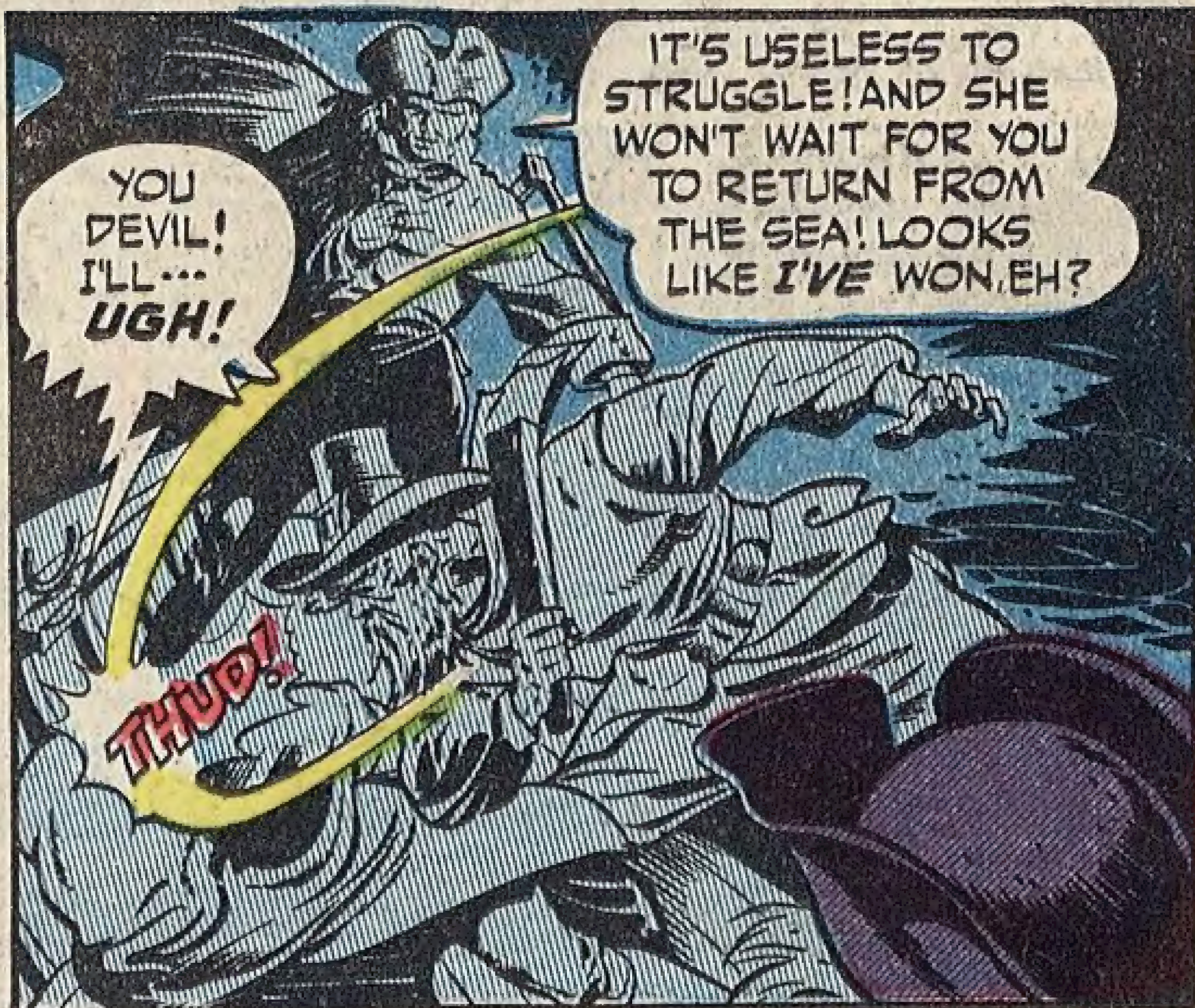
A GAY BETROTHAL PARTY DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

YOU'RE A STRANGE MAN, SQUIRE ARAM! IT'S NO SECRET THAT *YOU* LOVED THE GIRL...AND LOST! YET HERE YOU ARE...DRINKING TO THE HAPPY PAIR!

AND WHY NOT? BY GAD, I *LIKE* PHILIP! HE'S THE RIGHT MAN FOR HER!







A WEEK LATER...SQUIRE ARAM IS STRICKEN WITH A STRANGE ILLNESS!

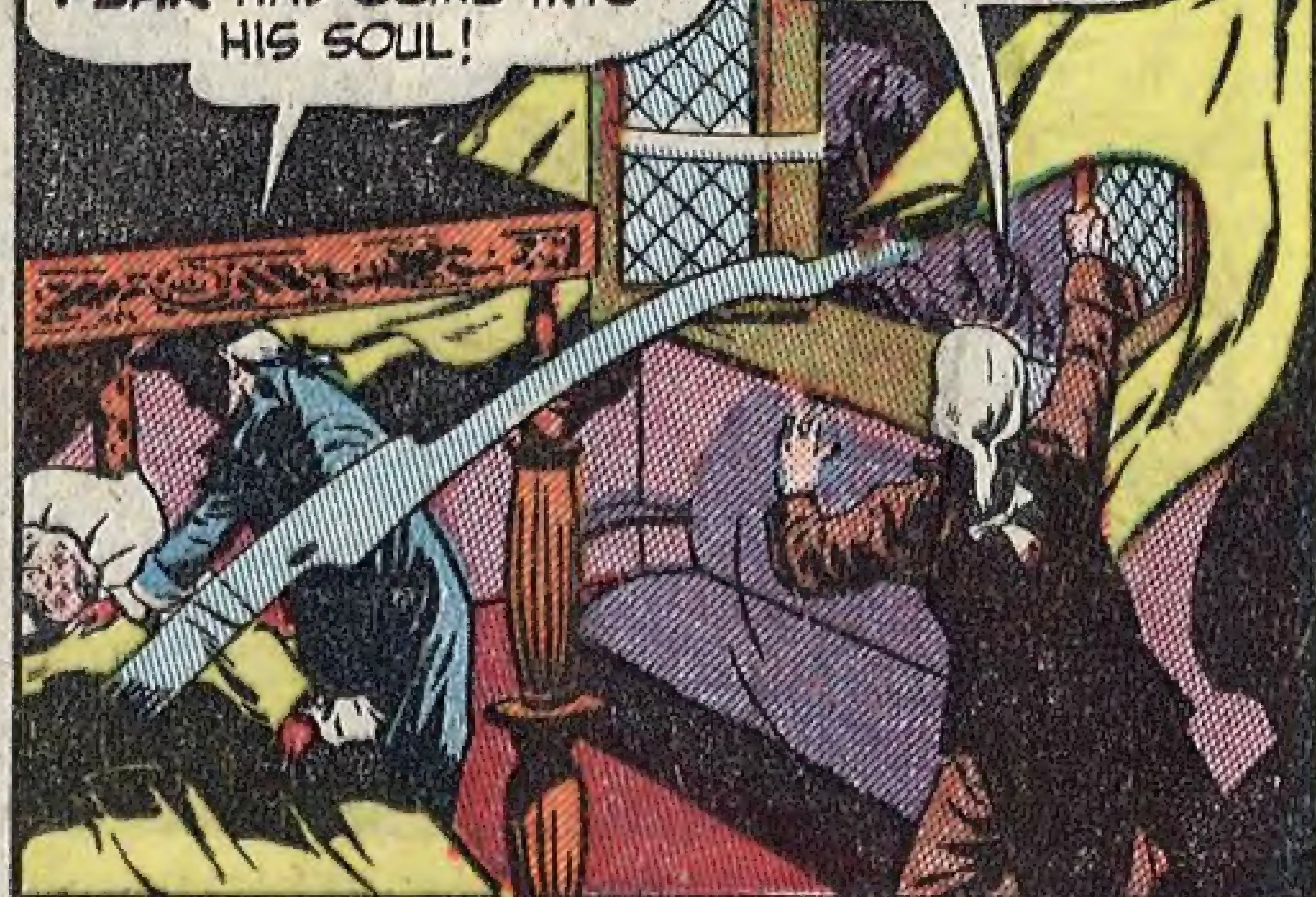
SALT! MY MOUTH...
CHOKED WITH SALT!
BRING ME SOMETHING
TO DRINK THAT HAS
NOT THE TASTE OF
THE SEA!

STRANGE! HE HAS HAD
NOTHING TO EAT OR
DRINK! HE CANNOT
SWALLOW!



HE IS GONE! HE HAD NO
FEVER...YET HIS BODY IS
HIDEOUSLY WASTED! AND
AS HE DIED, HIS EYES GREW
BRIGHT AND WILD...AS
THROUGH SOME GREAT
FEAR HAD COME INTO
HIS SOUL!

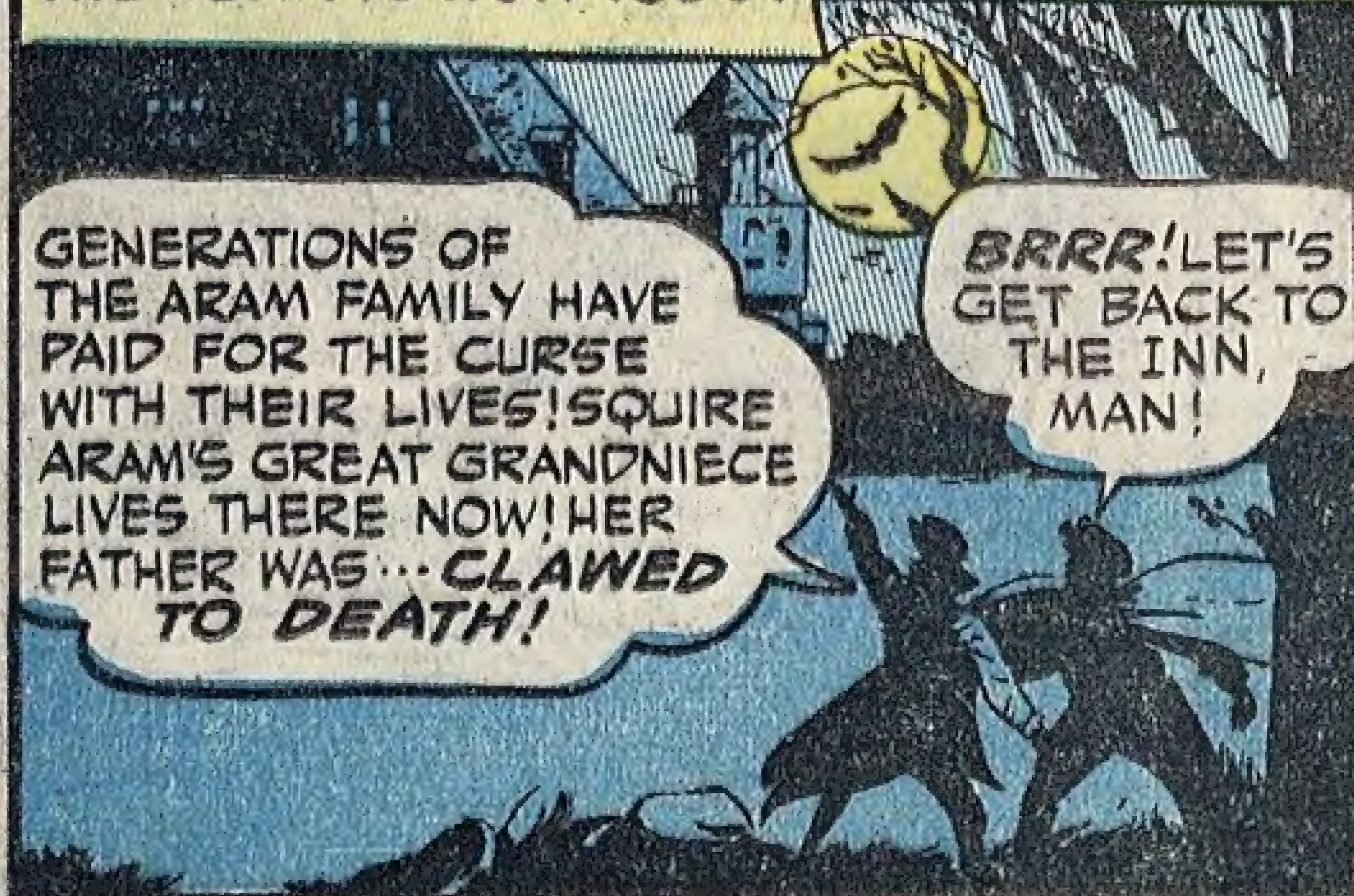
THERE'S A STORM
AT SEA! THE CASE-
MENT BLEW OPEN!
UH... THERE'S
SOMETHING
OUT THERE!



**A CENTURY PASSES OVER ARAM HOUSE
...LIKE A GREAT DARK BIRD OF THE SEA!
THE YEAR IS NOW 1950!**

GENERATIONS OF
THE ARAM FAMILY HAVE
PAID FOR THE CURSE
WITH THEIR LIVES! SQUIRE
ARAM'S GREAT GRANDNIECE
LIVES THERE NOW! HER
FATHER WAS... **CLAWED
TO DEATH!**

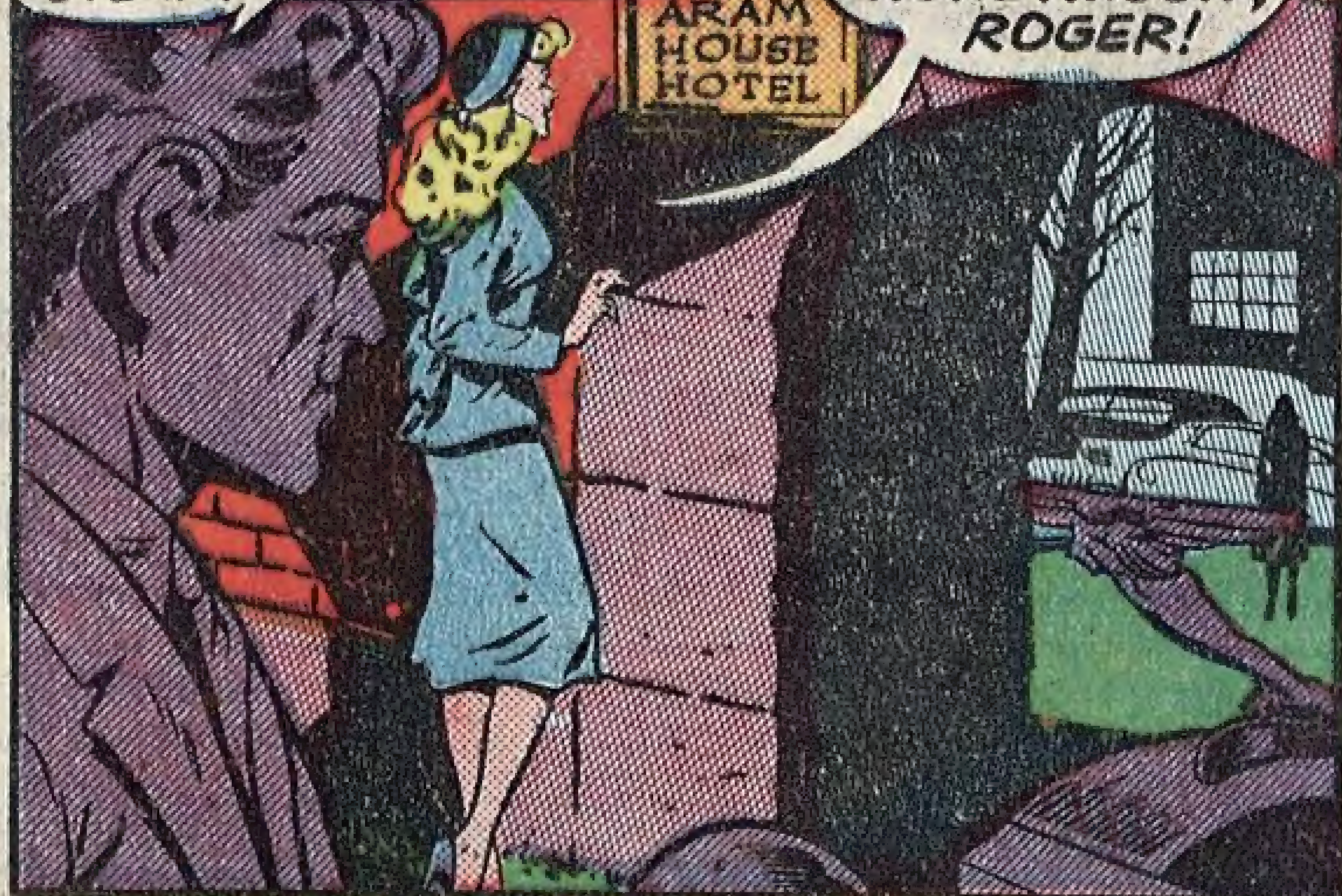
BRRR! LET'S
GET BACK TO
THE INN,
MAN!



**1948...AND ONCE MORE THE OLD HOUSE
BLAZES WITH LIGHT AND GAIETY!**

MMM, THE SEA AIR SMELLS
GOOD! THIS PLACE HAS BEEN
BOARDED UP FOR YEARS --
BUT MAKING A RESORT HOTEL
OF IT WAS A SWELL IDEA,
SYLVIA!

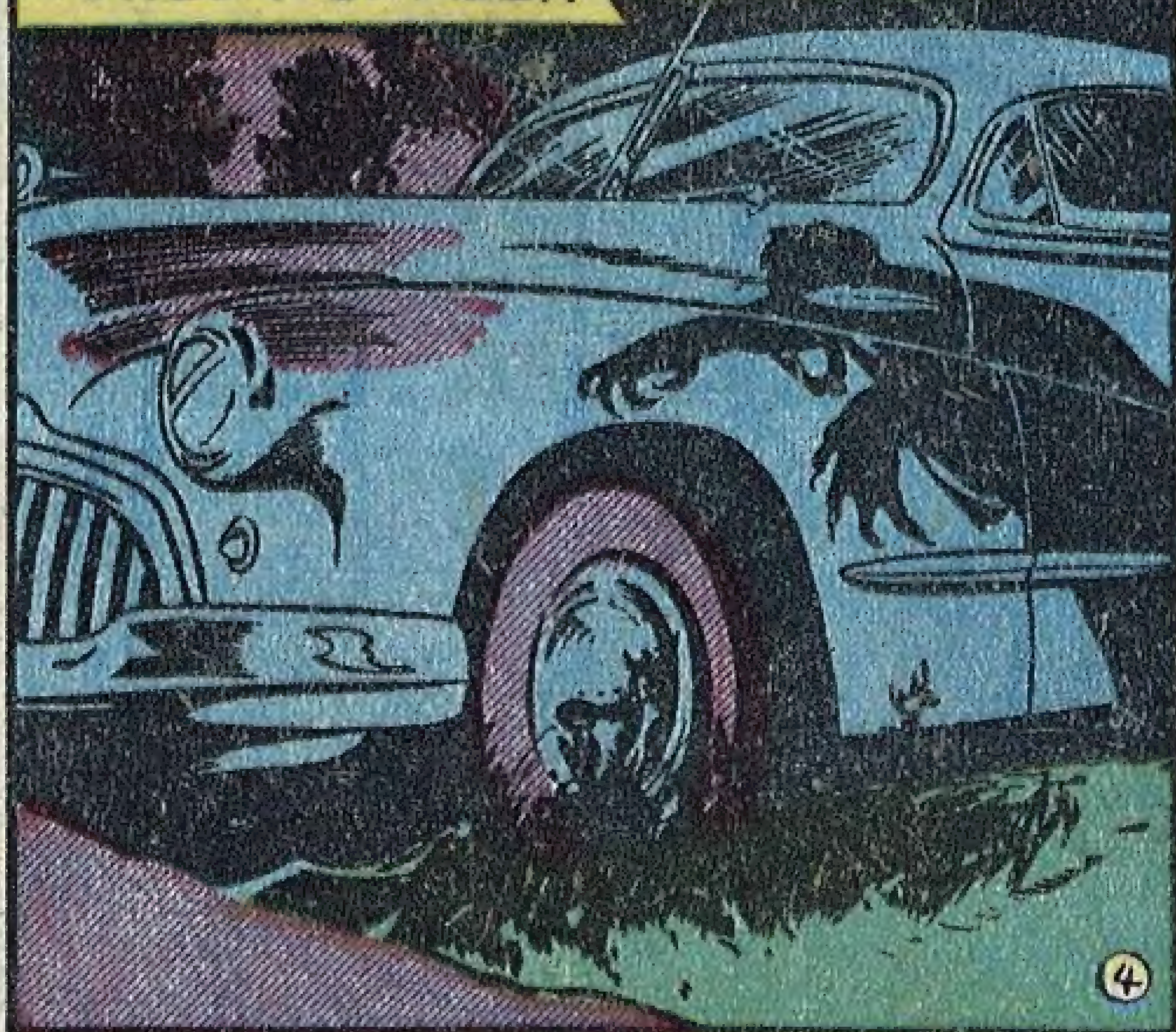
I HEAR IT'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE HAUNTED!
WHAT A WAY
TO START A
HONEYMOON,
ROGER!



**LIGHT AND GAIETY, YES! BUT IT IS SAID
THAT THE SEA IS STILL RESTLESS
AROUND THIS BLEAK DWELLING!
AS THE YOUNG COUPLE ENTERS...**



**IT IS SAID THAT THE GHOST OF A MAN
LONG DEAD PACES THE HOUSE...PACES
IN SILENT FURY...WHILE THE WIND
HOWLS DISMALLY!**



OR IS IT JUST THE MOONLIGHT...WEAVING PATTERNS OF TERROR? FOR INSIDE, WE FIND A VERY DIFFERENT WORLD!

NOTHING SCARY ABOUT THAT DANCE ORCHESTRA, SYLVIA! OR THE GUESTS! THEY'RE HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES! OH-OH! HERE COMES THE PROPRIETOR!

WE'RE NOT DOING SO BADLY, ARE WE? CONFIDENTIALLY, I BOUGHT THIS HOTEL FOR A SONG...BUT I EXPECT TO MAKE A GOOD THING OUT OF IT!

YOU'VE DONE THAT ALREADY, MR. TENANT!



SUDDENLY...

AAAGHH! IT'S THE GHOST! HE...HE'S OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW!



OH!



ROGER, I'M GOING AFTER THAT GHASTLY THING...WHATEVER IT IS!

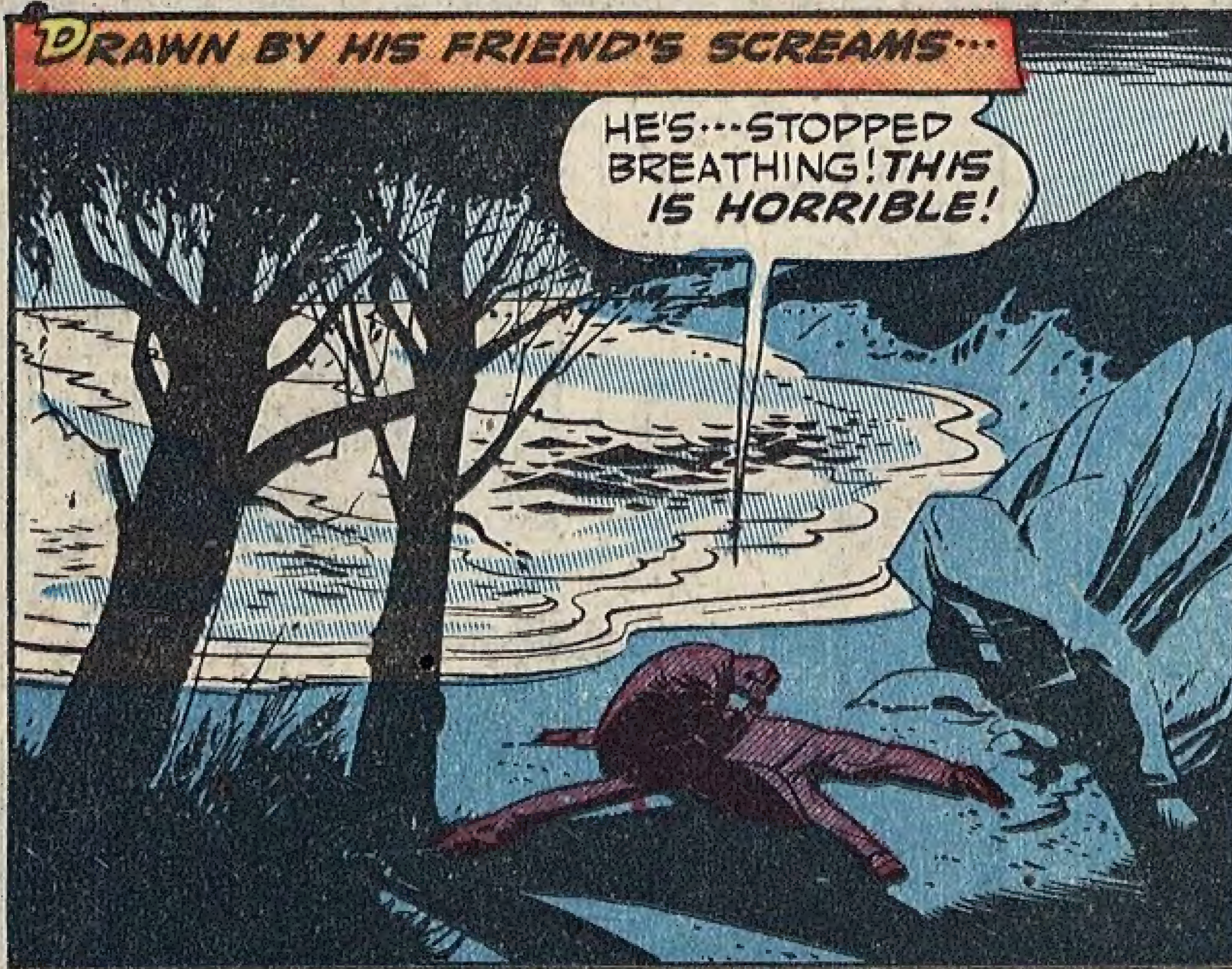
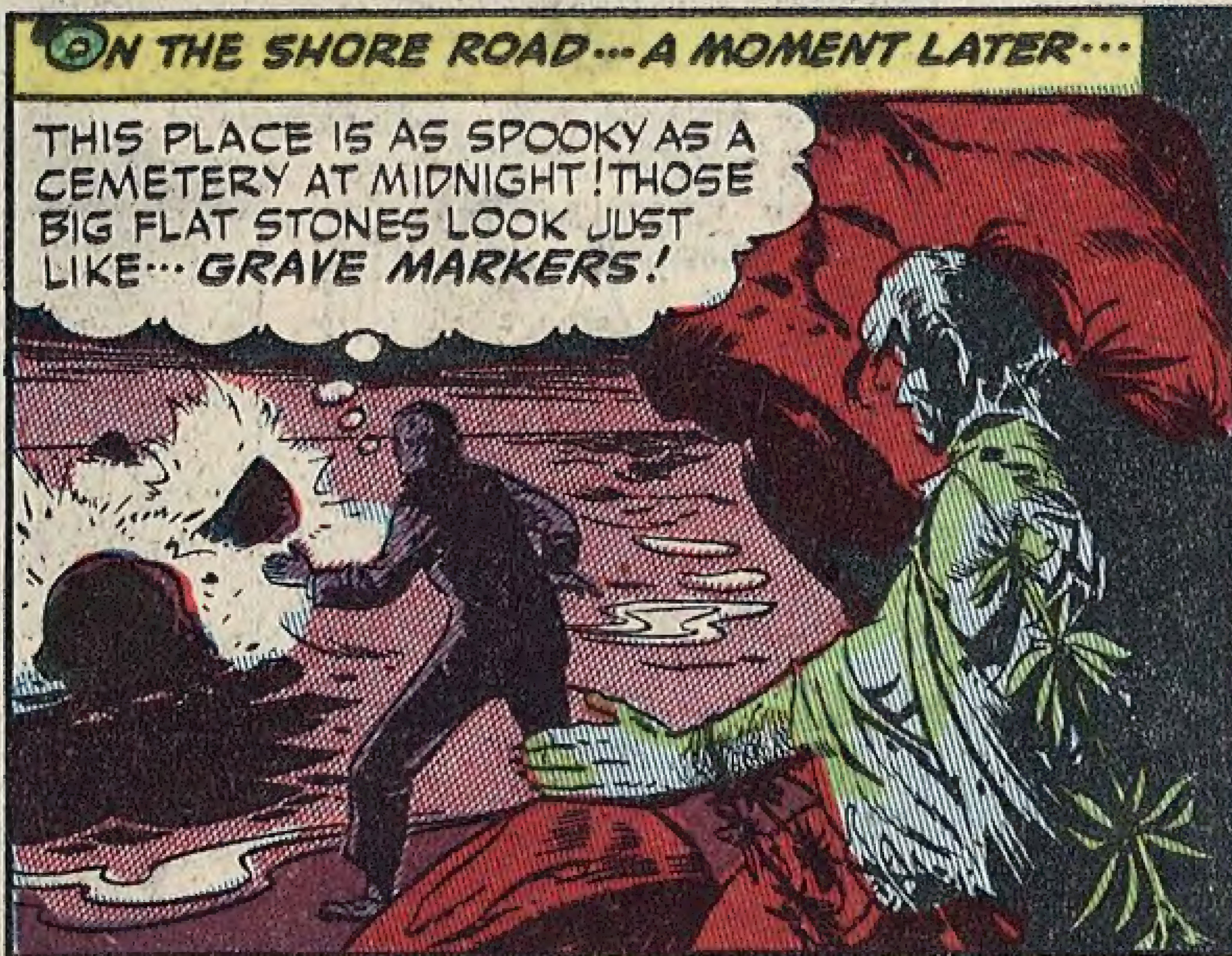
I'LL GO WITH YOU, KEN!



LOOK, ROGER! LET'S SEPARATE! I'LL TAKE THE SHORE ROAD AND YOU CAN KEEP TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF!

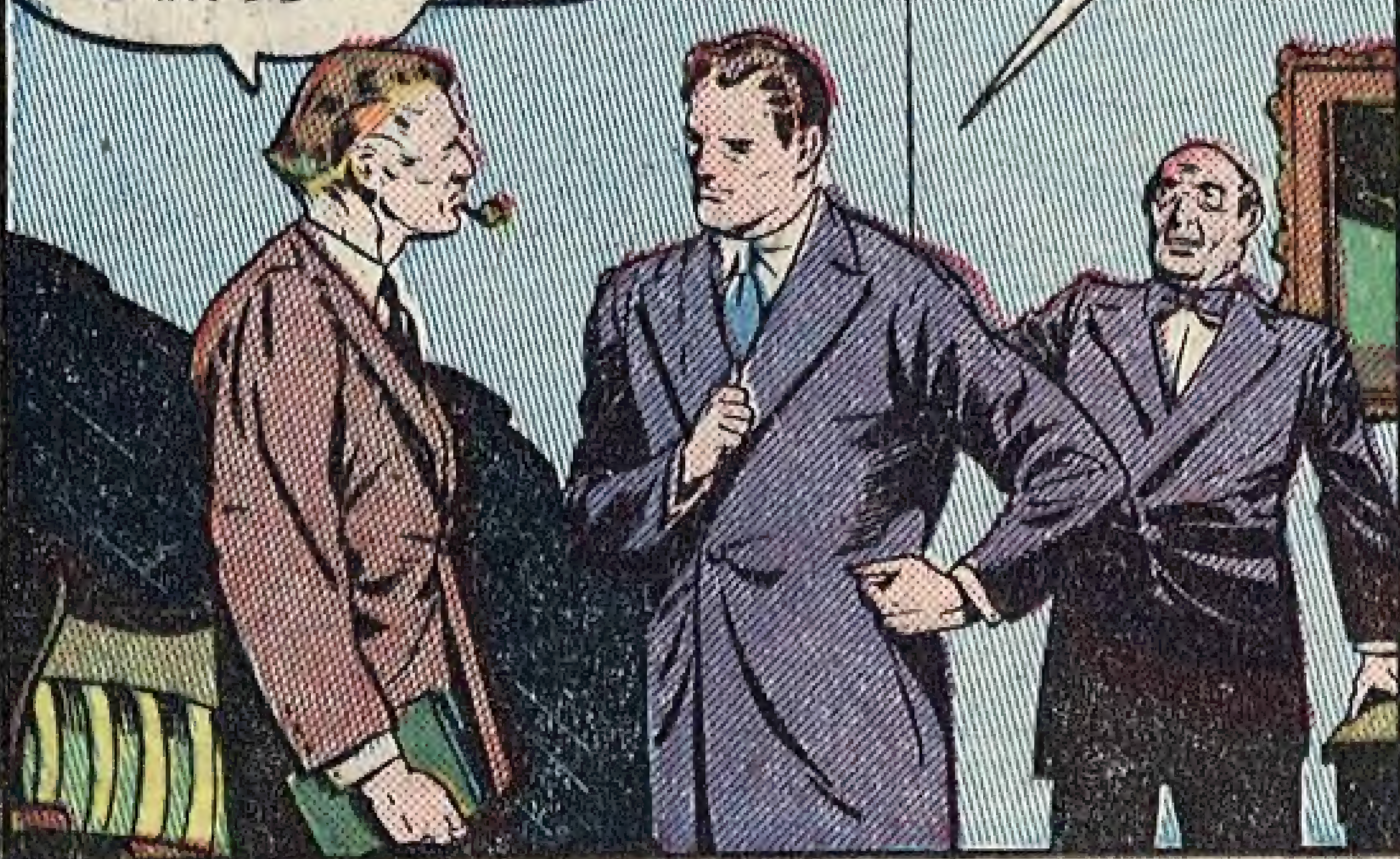
RIGHT! NEVER THOUGHT I'D GO GHOST-HUNTING ON MY WEDDING NIGHT!





DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE MET...I'M STEPHEN CAREW! AS AN ANTIQUARIAN, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THE ARAM GHOST IS GRIMLY REAL! I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT! NO ONE CAN! BUT...

I SAW MY BEST FRIEND DIE! I'M STAYING ON UNTIL I GET AT THE TRUTH!



A LITTLE LATER...

JUST MET AN INTERESTING CHARACTER IN TENANT'S OFFICE! HE'S AN ANTIQUARIAN...AND HE TAKES THE GHOST SERIOUSLY! I TOLD HIM I DIDN'T LIKE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES!

PLEASE, ROGER... DON'T PUT YOURSELF IN DANGER!



YOU'RE ALL I'VE GOT!

STEADY NOW! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME! I'M THE GUY YOU MARRIED, REMEMBER? THE LUCKY GUY!



IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT...

CLAWED...FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND...ANTIQUARIAN...FUNNY LITTLE DUCK...TAKES GHOSTS SERIOUSLY...W-WHAT'S THAT?



THE GHOST...THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT! IT MUST HAVE SENT A BOULDER CRASHING! WELL...IT'S AN UNUSUALLY FINE NIGHT FOR A SHOWDOWN!

W-WHERE DID HE GO? WAS IT BECAUSE HE COULDN'T SLEEP OR DID HE...I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!



ROGER! ROGER!

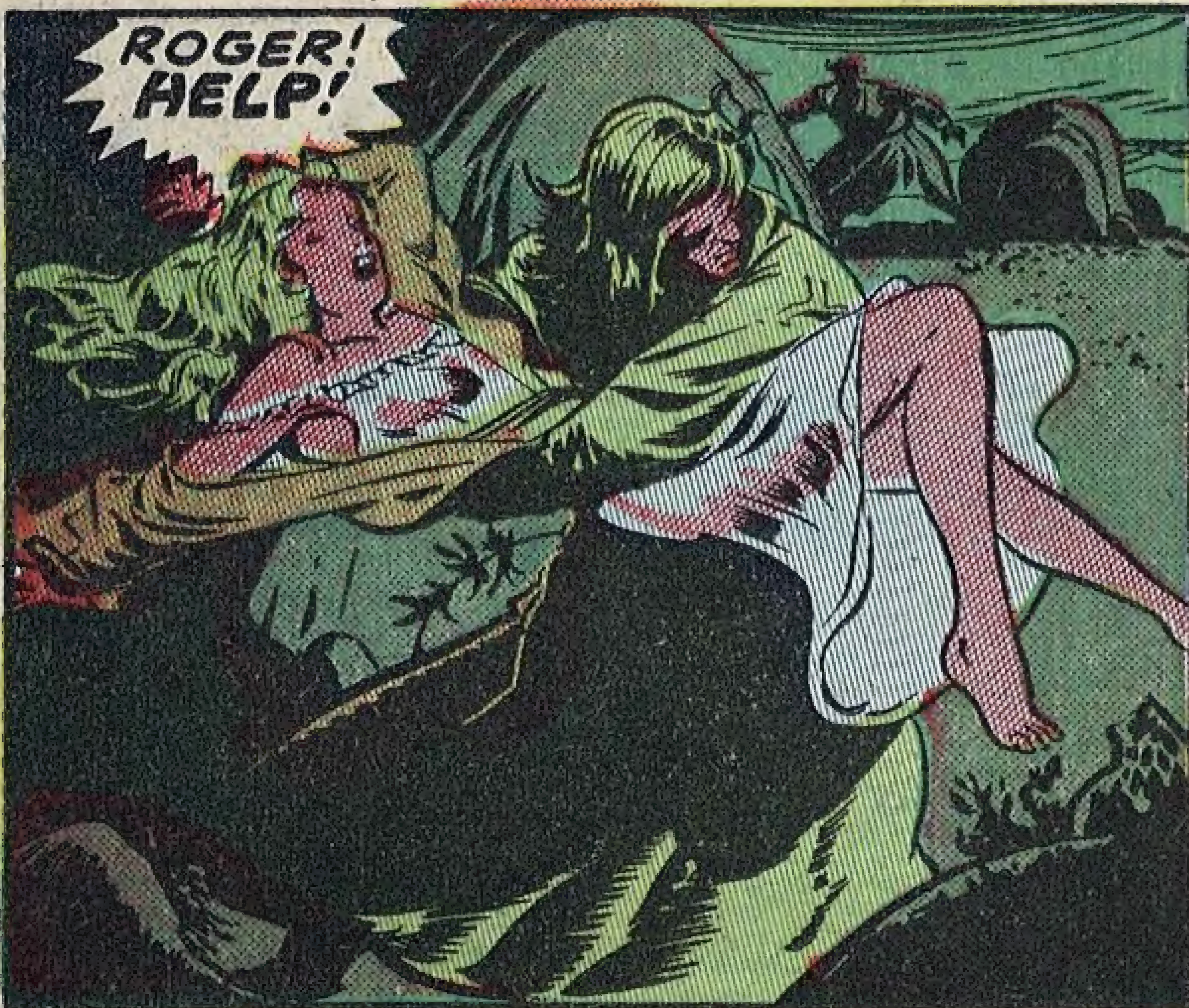


**TERROR-SHADOWED INSTANTS
LATER...ON THE SHORE ROAD...**

OH, WHERE IS HE? HE
COULD HAVE GONE IN
ANY ONE OF A DOZEN
DIRECTIONS!



**ROGER!
HELP!**



**THIS IS THE
PAYOFF...YOU
DEVIL!**



**GET BACK! I'VE GOT
A GUN! GET BACK,
YOU FOOL!**

**STEPHEN
CAREW! THE
ANTIQUARIAN!
THEN...THERE
WAS NO
GHOST?**



YES, I'M CAREW! BUT MY MOTHER'S FAMILY BORE A
DIFFERENT NAME...**ARAM!** I'M THE LAST OF THE
ARAMS...AND I COULD NOT SEE THE MANSION OF
MY ANCESTORS DRAGGED INTO THE MUD! A COMMON
HOTEL! I DISGUISED MYSELF WITH LUMINOUS
PAINT...WORE STEEL-TIPPED GLOVES...TO
TERRIFY THE GUESTS! I KILLED YOUR FRIEND
WHEN HE RECOGNIZED ME! **NOW I SHALL
KILL YOU!...GHOSTS, BAH!**





The CURSED PISTOL

CAN A CURSE ATTACH TO A THING OF DEAD WOOD AND METAL, TRANSFORMING IT TO AN INSTRUMENT OF GHOSTLY VENGEANCE? READ HOW DOOM STRUCK THROUGH THE AGES!

IN 1667, THE CHEVALIER DE FRAISE ENGAGED IN A DEADLY DUEL...

A CURSE ON THE PISTOL THAT SLEW MY SON! MAY IT STRIKE THROUGH THE CENTURIES AT YOU AND YOURS!

I FEAR NOT YOUR WORDS, OLD ONE!

BUT LATER...IN CLEANING THE PISTOL...

ARGH!

BANG!

WAS IT THE CURSE? WHO KNOWS? BUT IN THE SAME ROOM...A CENTURY LATER...

IT KILLED MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER! THEY SAY IT'S CURSED!

I WANT TO SEE IT!

ONCE AGAIN THE FATAL PISTOL STRUCK!

OH-HHH!

PHILIPPE! OH, N-NO!

BANG!

STRANGE ACCIDENTS, YOU SAY? BUT TWICE MORE THE ANCIENT FIREARM ROARED ITS MESSAGE OF DEATH! FINALLY, IN 1943...

THE LAST OF THE DE FRAISES...A PAUPER! AND ALL THAT'S LEFT TO ME IS THIS...THE CURSED PISTOL WHICH HAS BEEN OUR RUINATION!

I'LL BREAK IT...SNAP ITS EVIL SPELL!...THERE!... UGH! A SPLINTER PIERCED MY HAND!

CRACK!

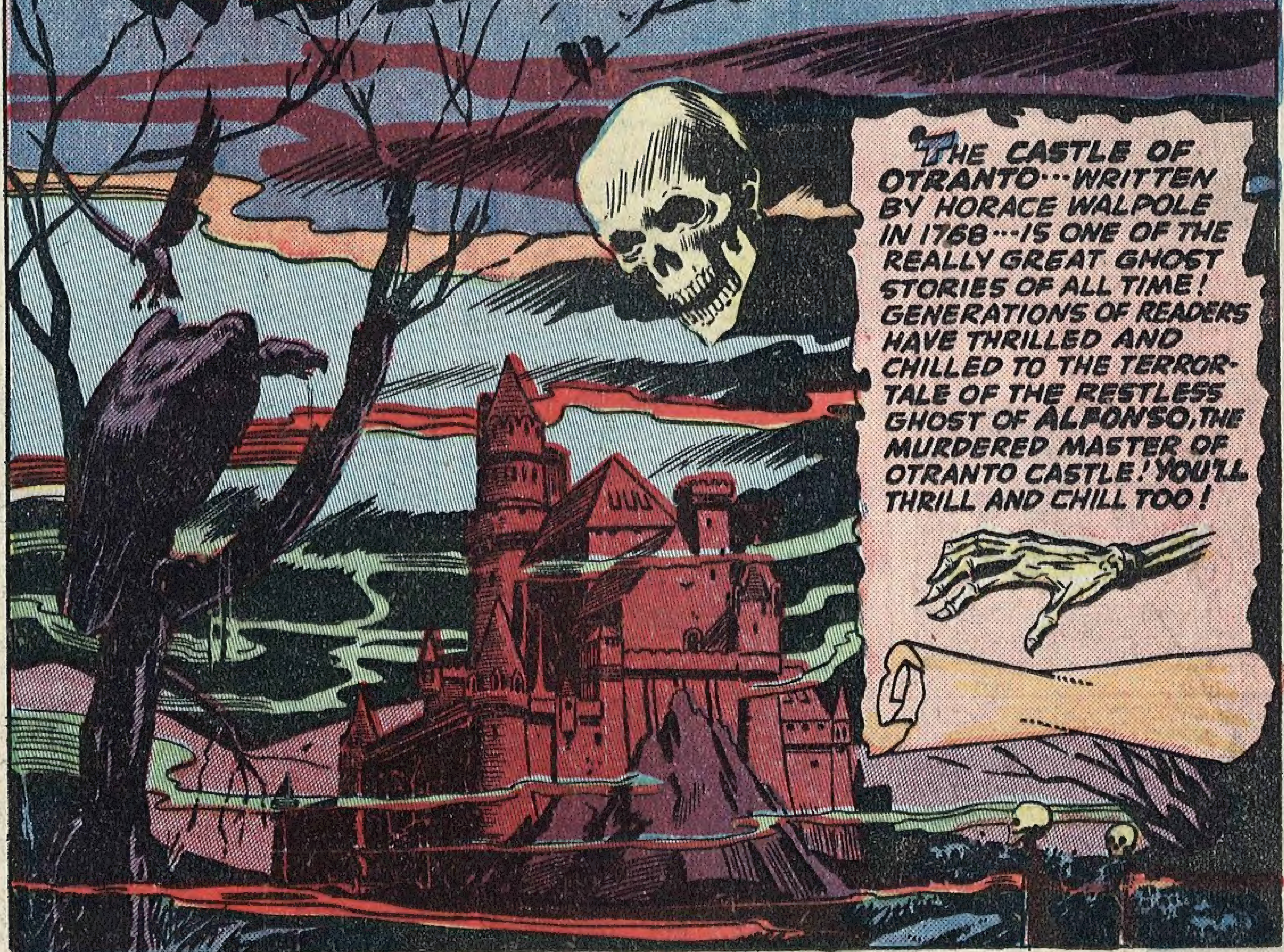
BUT STILL THE OLD WEAPON HAD THE LAST WORD! THE FOLLOWING DAY...

STRANGE...I'VE NEVER KNOWN BLOOD-POISON TO WORK SO FAST!...THE MAN'S DEAD!

ACCIDENTS...OR A GHOSTLY CURSE?

TELL ME A GHOST STORY

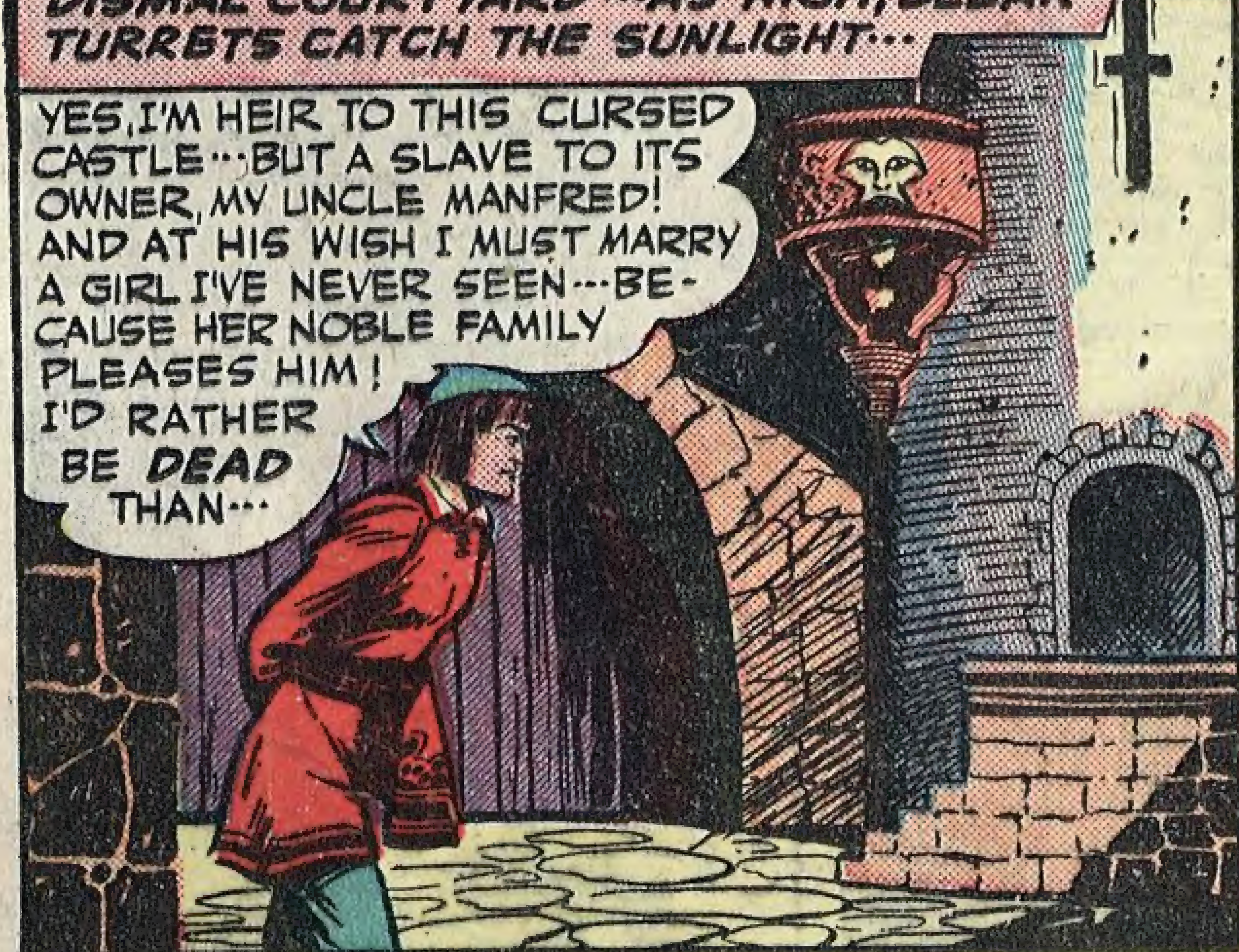
The CASTLE of OTRANTO



THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO...WRITTEN BY HORACE WALPOLE IN 1768...IS ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT GHOST STORIES OF ALL TIME! GENERATIONS OF READERS HAVE THRILLED AND CHILLED TO THE TERRORTALE OF THE RESTLESS GHOST OF ALFONSO, THE MURDERED MASTER OF OTRANTO CASTLE! YOU'LL THRILL AND CHILL TOO!

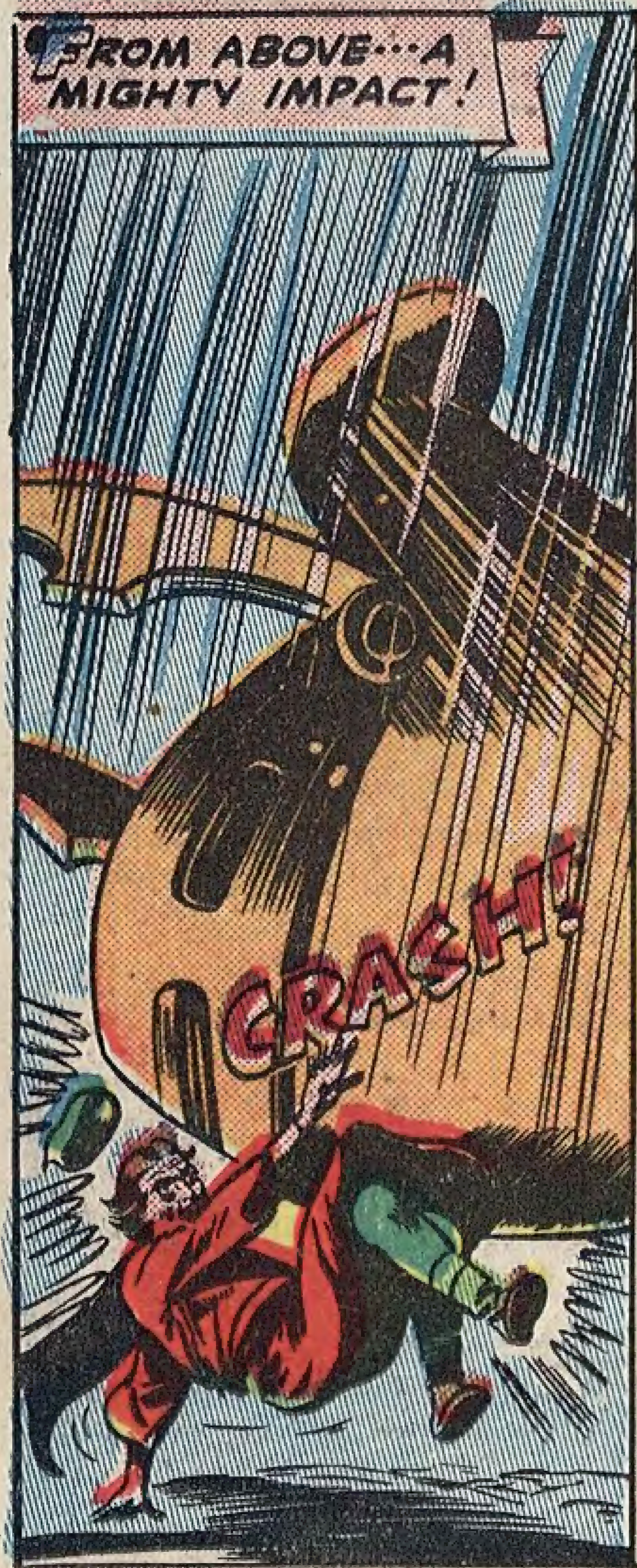
THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO WAS BUILT IN THE DAYS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! IN THE DISMAL COURTYARD...AS HIGH, BLEAK TURRETS CATCH THE SUNLIGHT...

YES, I'M HEIR TO THIS CURSED CASTLE...BUT A SLAVE TO ITS OWNER, MY UNCLE MANFRED! AND AT HIS WISH I MUST MARRY A GIRL I'VE NEVER SEEN...BECAUSE HER NOBLE FAMILY PLEASES HIM! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN...



Suddenly... WHAT? A GREAT SHADOW...SWEEPING DOWN UPON ME! AHHH!





FROM ABOVE...A MIGHTY IMPACT!

JUSTIN! IT'S ...THE YOUNG MASTER! HE'S BEEN CRUSHED!



IT... IT'S THE HELMET OF ALFONSO! THE CASTLE'S RIGHTFUL LORD... SLAIN CENTURIES AGO BY MANFRED'S ANCESTORS, WHO TOOK OTRANTO FOR THEMSELVES! AND NOW HIS GHOST WALKS AGAIN!



AS THE SERVANTS REACH THE COURTYARD... THE GHOSTLY HELMET VANISHES!

THERE'S A CURSE ON THIS CASTLE! THERE'S A CURSE ON MANFRED, TOO... HE'LL DIE JUST AS HIS NEPHEW DID!

WE... WE MUST BRING HIM WORD OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED! COME!



AND DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GRIEVE? FOOLS! MY NEPHEW HATED ME! AS FOR ALFONSO'S GHOST... PAH! I FEAR NOT THE LONG-DEAD! THIS CASTLE IS MINE!

AT THAT MOMENT... APPROACHING THE CASTLE...

IS IT A DISGRACE TO BE POOR, ANNE? WHICH IS WORSE... TO MARRY A STRANGER, OR ENDURE THE UGLINESS OF POVERTY?

IT IS BEST THAT YOU MARRY HIM, MISTRESS! POVERTY IS A HARSH TASK-MASTER!

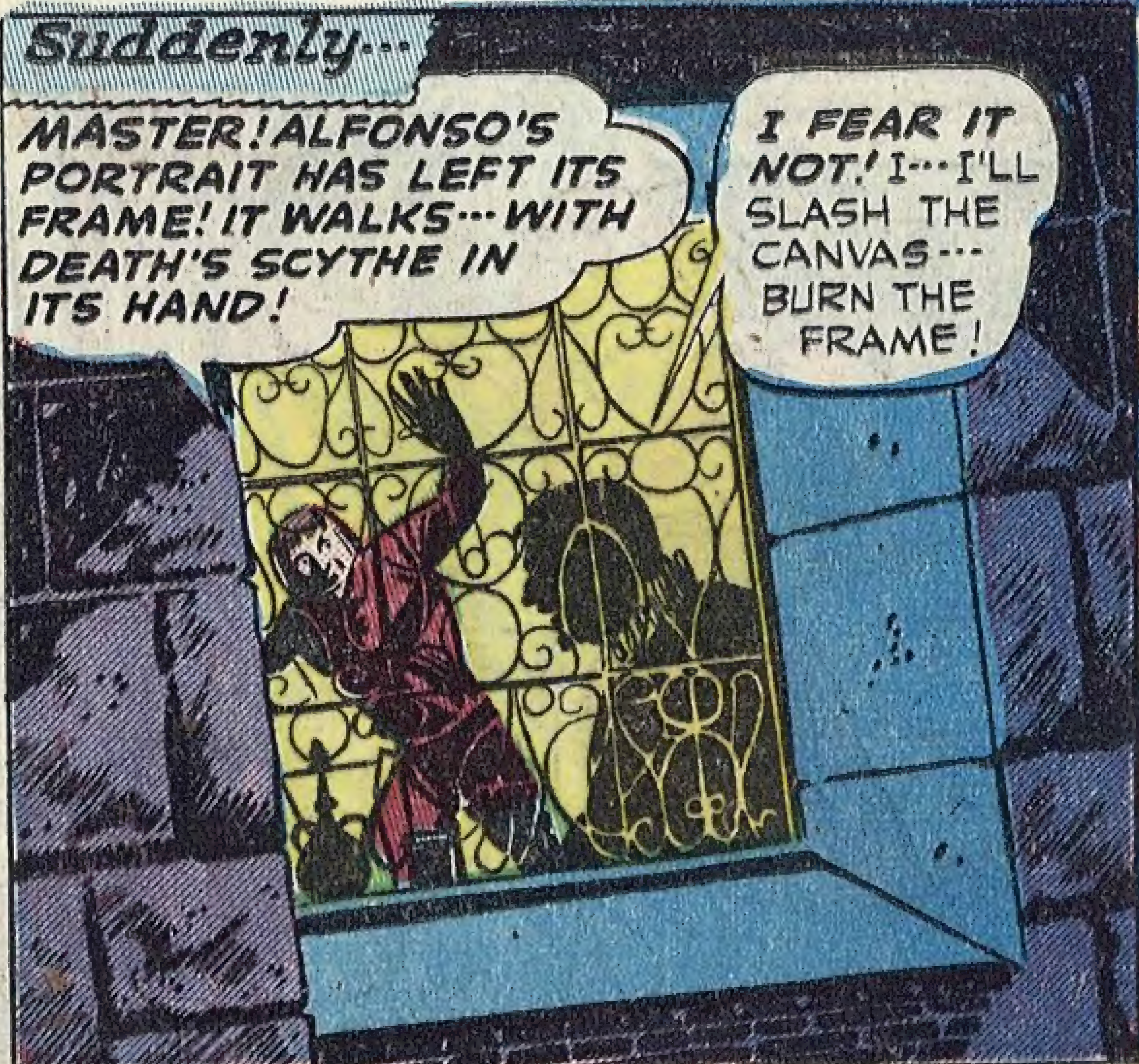


SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! HMM...



I CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, MY DEAR!
YOU CAME TO MARRY A YOUNG MAN...
BUT I FLATTER MYSELF I STILL HAVE
THE VIGOR OF YOUTH!

Y-YOU'VE
BEEN
KIND...



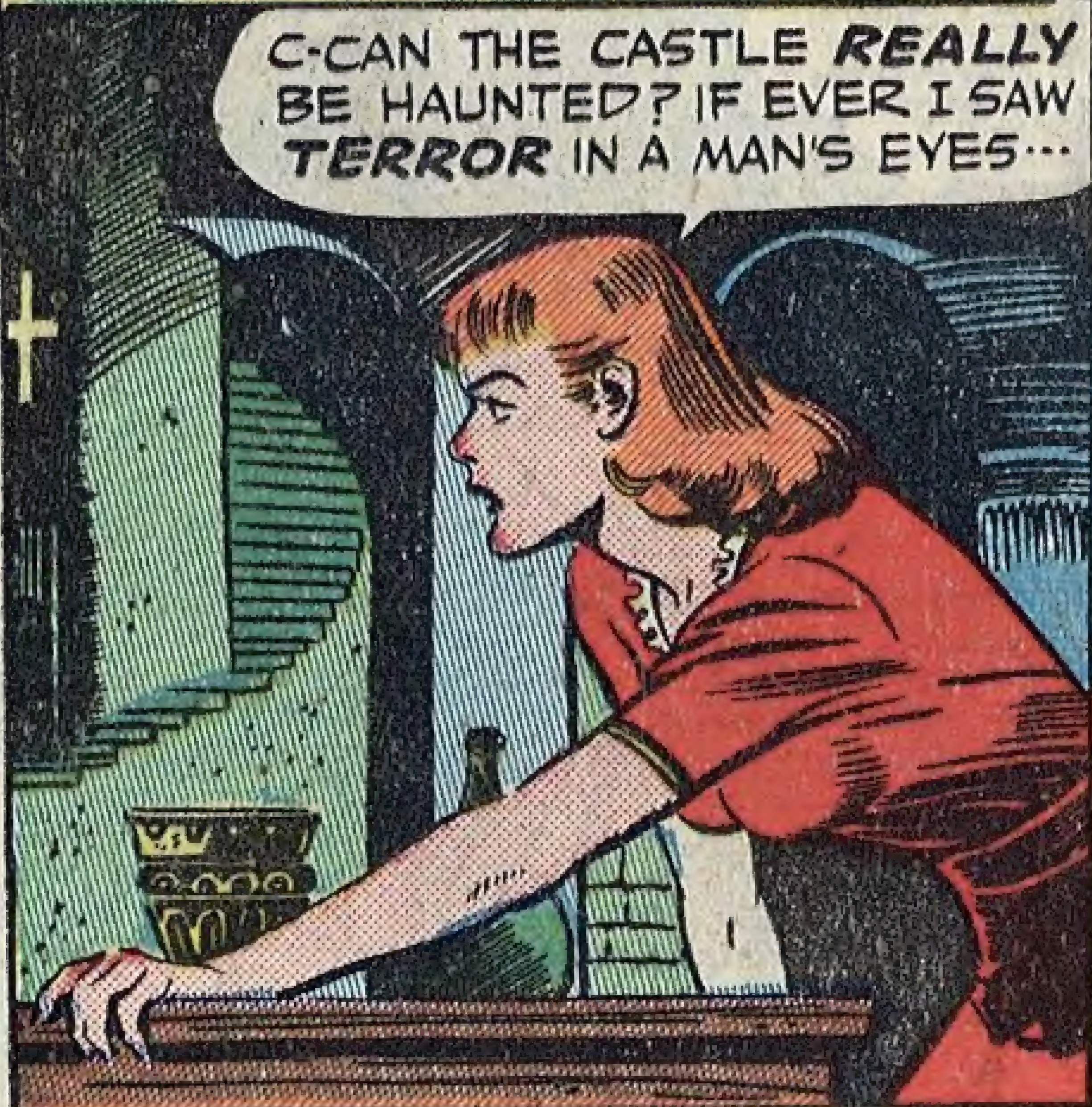
Suddenly...

MASTER! ALFONSO'S
PORTRAIT HAS LEFT ITS
FRAME! IT WALKS... WITH
DEATH'S SCYTHE IN
ITS HAND!

I FEAR IT
NOT! I... I'LL
SLASH THE
CANVAS...
BURN THE
FRAME!

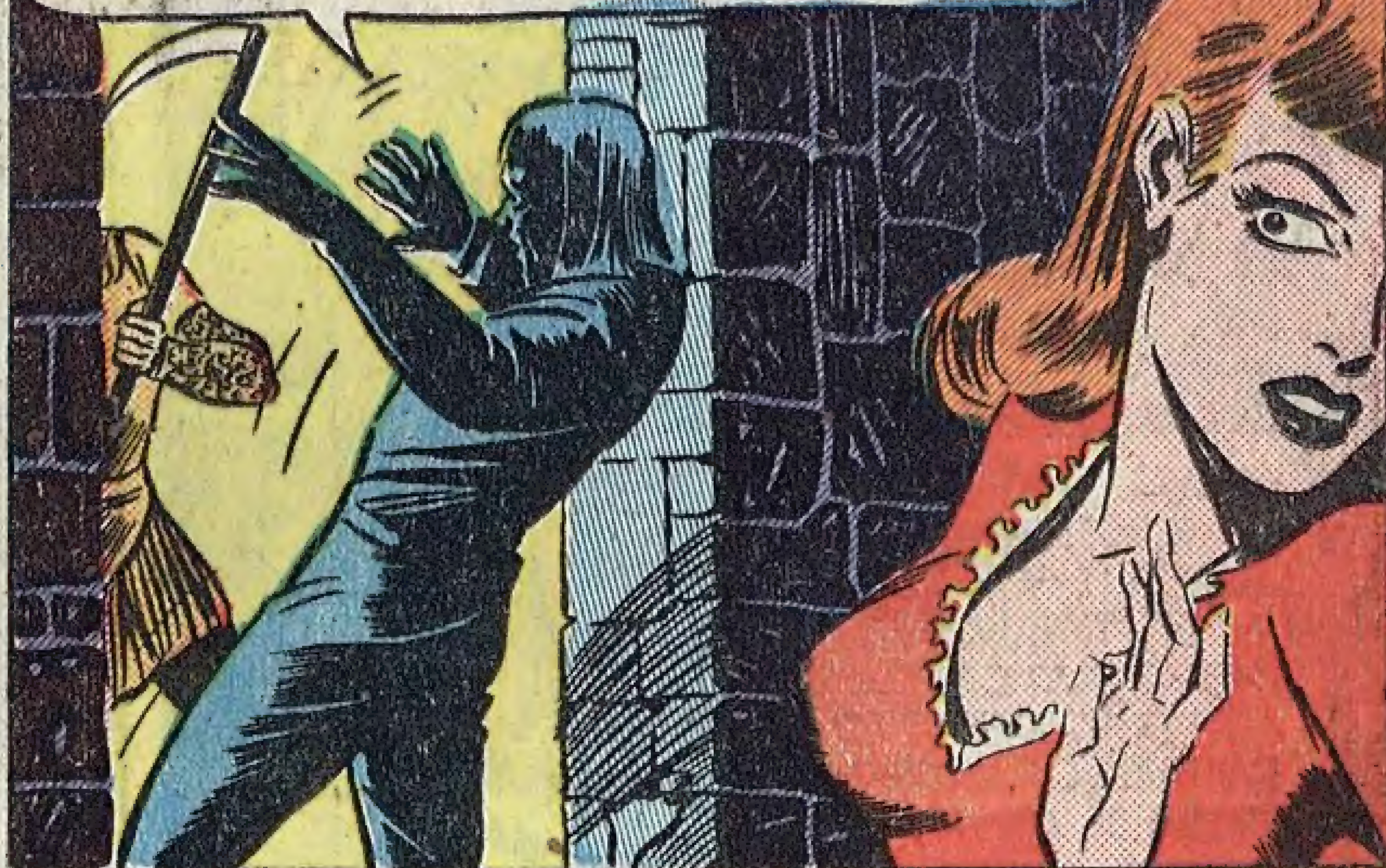
ISABELLA FINDS HERSELF
ALONE IN THE BANQUET HALL!

C-CAN THE CASTLE REALLY
BE HAUNTED? IF EVER I SAW
TERROR IN A MAN'S EYES...



SPARE ME! IT WAS NOT I WHO DROVE A
DAGGER INTO YOUR HEART AND ROBBED
YOU OF WHAT WAS RIGHTFULLY YOURS!
YOUR BLOOD IS ON THE HEAD OF A
DEAD MAN... MANFRED'S ANCESTOR!

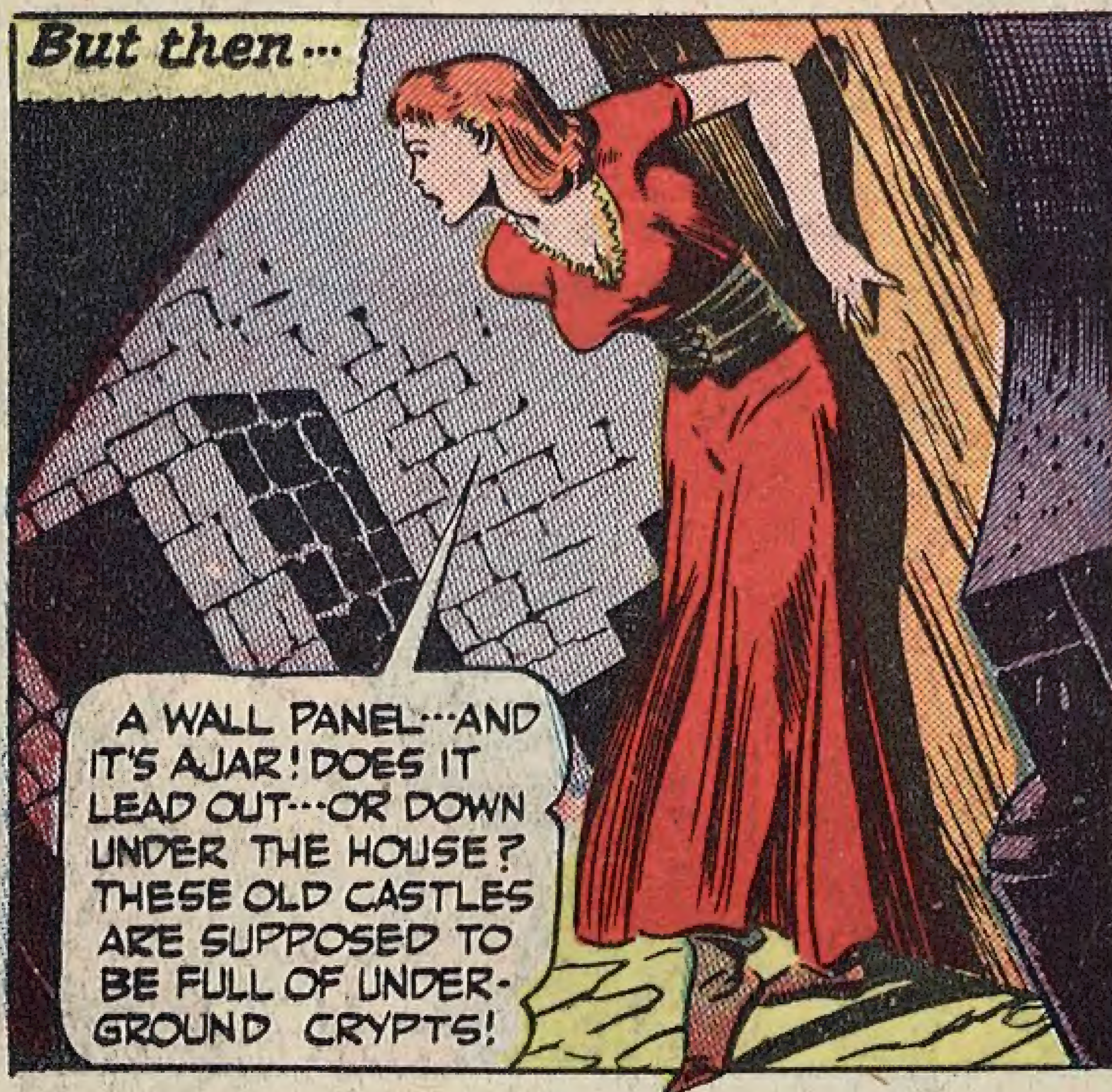
OH!



THUD!



IF YOU WOULD
LIVE... GO!



MY NAME'S THEODORE AND I
...LISTEN! THE VAULT'S
SHAKING! ALFONSO'S
GHOST MUST BE MOVING
ABOUT IN THE PORTRAIT
GALLERY! IT'S DIRECTLY
OVERHEAD!

I...I SAW IT!
IT SPOKE
TO ME!

AT THAT INSTANT...IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY...

THERE IT
GOES, MASTER
...BACK INTO
ITS FRAME!

CRACK!

IT'S ARLEN! HE'S DEAD
...CUT DOWN BY THE
SCYTHE! WHY DOES
THE GHOST NEVER
ATTACK YOU?

I TOLD YOU WHY,
FOOL! I DO NOT
FEAR IT!... THAT
GIRL! WHERE
IS SHE?

THE BURIAL VAULT!
SO THAT'S WHERE SHE
WENT! BRING TORCHES...
HURRY! I'M GOING
AFTER HER!

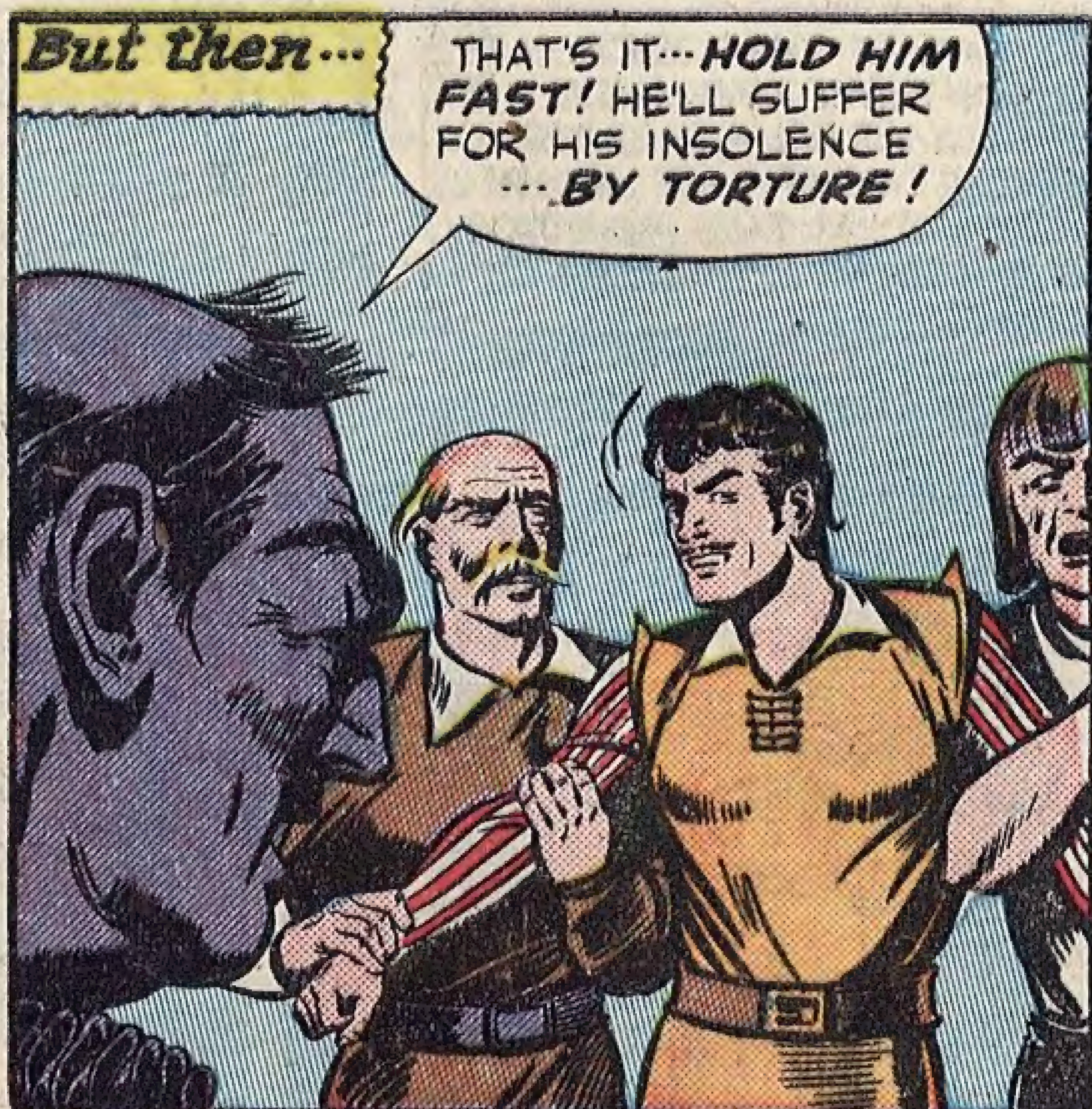
VOICES
...IN THE
VAULT!

MAYHAP SHE
TALKS WITH THE
DEAD, MASTER!

WHO BE YOU,
SIRRAH...
LIVING LIKE
A GHOUL IN
THE VAULT OF
MY ANCESTORS?

NOT YOUR
ANCESTORS,
MANFRED!
MINE!

YOU DARE TO SPEAK
TO ME THUS? FOR
THAT...I WILL HAVE
YOUR LIFE!



I CAME TO THIS CASTLE KNOWING IT WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE! SEE... I BEAR THE SEAL OF OUR HOUSE UPON MY FLESH! AN ARROW... SPEEDING TRUE TO ITS MARK!

THEN YOU ARE MY HEIR! YOUR HERITAGE... COURAGE-- AND THE RIGHT TO WALK IN THE SUNLIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN!



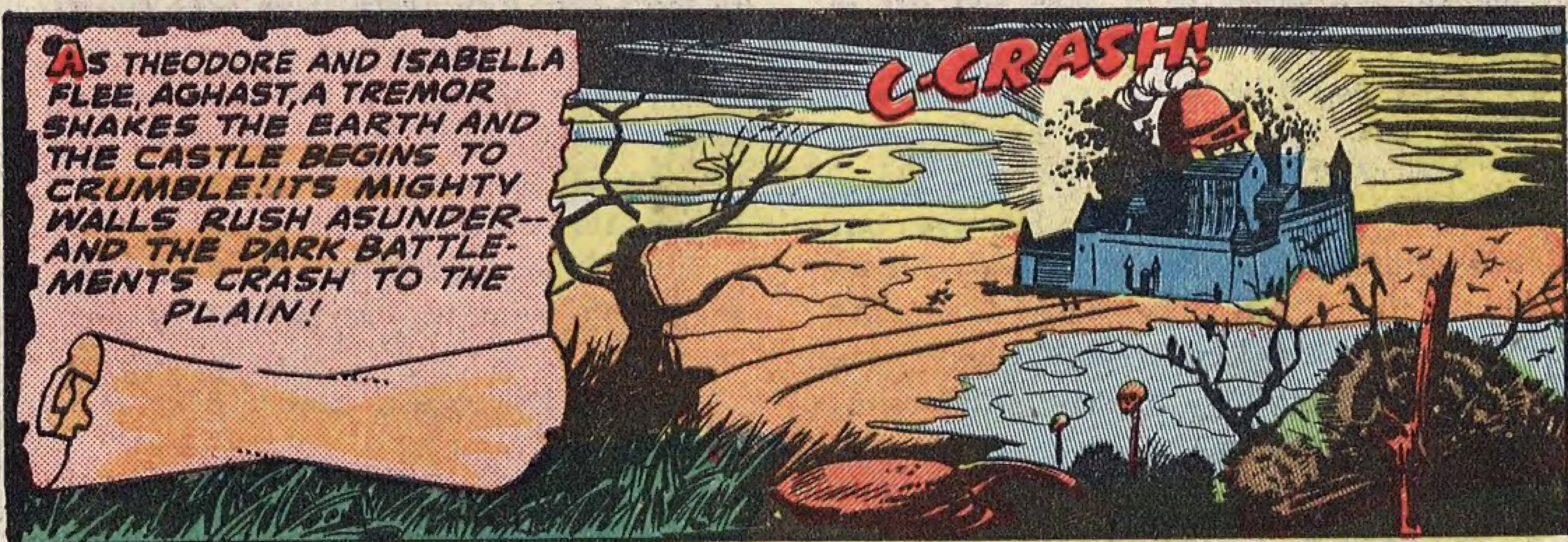
AS FOR YOU--MY VENGEANCE WILL BE QUICKLY SATISFIED! ...DIE, MANFRED!



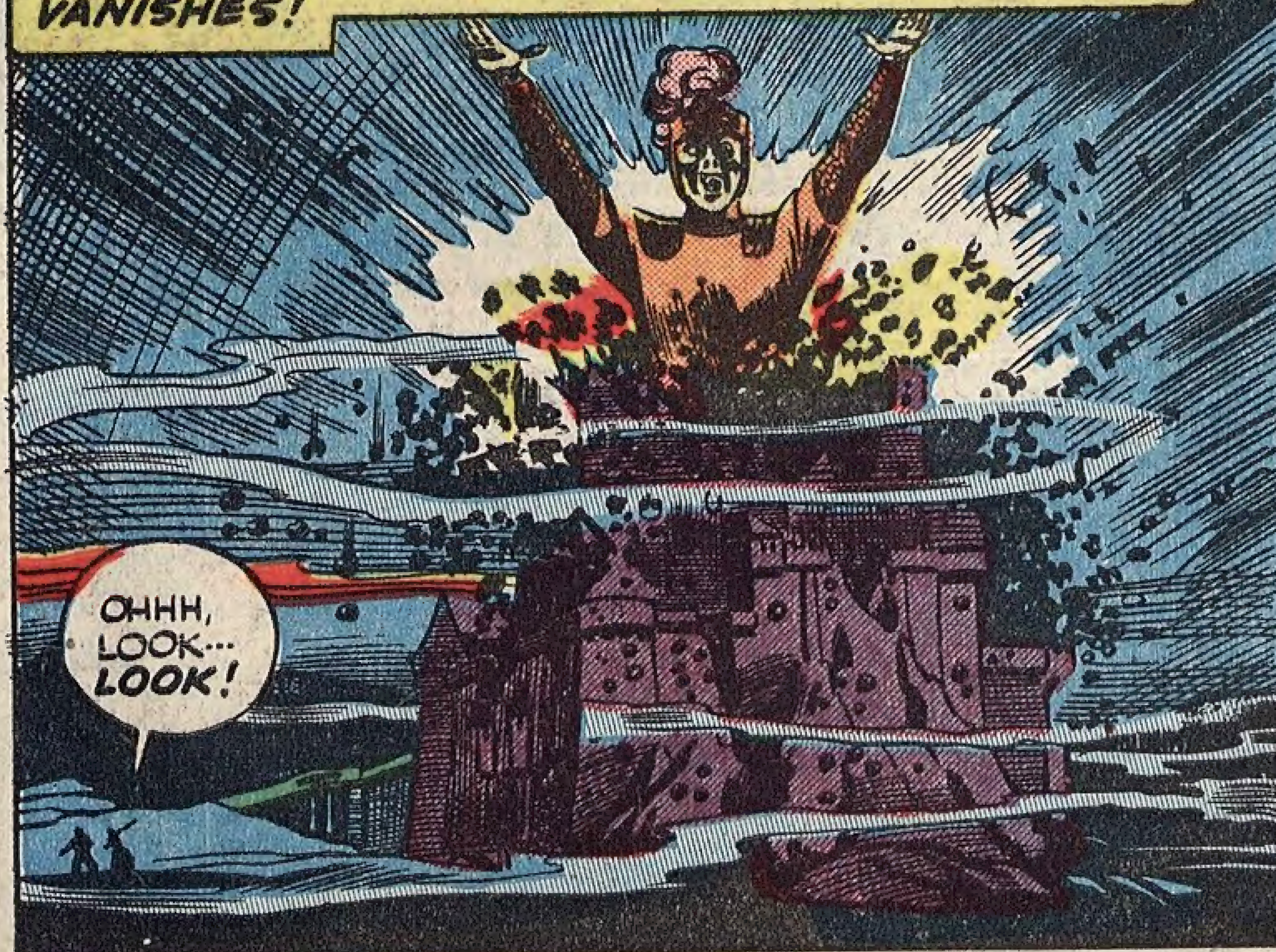
THE CASTLE WOULD DO YOU NO GOOD, LAD! IT IS STAINED WITH BLOOD AND TEARS! I WILL GROW SWIFTLY LARGER! YOU MUST GO-- BEFORE MY SPIRIT LEAVES THE EARTH FOREVER!



AS THEODORE AND ISABELLA FLEE, AGHAST, A TREMOR SHAKES THE EARTH AND THE CASTLE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE! ITS MIGHTY WALLS RUSH ASUNDER-- AND THE DARK BATTLEMENTS CRASH TO THE PLAIN!



FOR AN INSTANT... BRIEF AS A DROPPED HEARTBEAT... A GHOSTLY SHAPE LOOMS AGAINST THE CLOUDS, GROWN TO TOWERING HEIGHT! THEN IT DIMS AND VANISHES!



OH, LOOK... LOOK!

Later... BY A QUIET STREAM...

SOMEHOW... I'M GLAD THE CASTLE'S GONE! A MAN WITH WISDOM IN HIS HEAD AND STRENGTH IN HIS ARMS CAN MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD! IT'S GOOD... JUST TO BE ALIVE!



END!

The HORRIBLE TOYS

JANE moved across the creaking floorboards of the dark old house, her pigtails quivering.

"Don't make so much noise, Jimmy!" she breathed.

"I'm not scared!" Jimmy flared, glowering at his sister. "There's a big pile of bottles in the cellar! Mr. Jenkins will pay us a penny apiece for soda pop bottles!"

"Mrs. Meek was a *witch*!" Jane complained bitterly. "She didn't die like people do. She comes back here and sits in the window! Freddy Wilson saw her!"

"Aw, don't be a scary cat!" Jimmy flung out. "Nobody lives here now!"

"Mrs. Meek does! Jimmy, I'm afraid of her!" Jane was big for her age, but now she felt very small. She shivered in dread alarm. "She comes back! She does!"

Jimmy started to reply; then froze.

"Jane, look! It's a rag doll! Right over there—by the wall!"

Jane let out a gasp. The doll sat in the shadows, with its back to the wall. It was covered with cobwebs. It had a funny grinning face, and it wore a calico dress. Sawdust was spilling out of it.

Then Jimmy saw the fire engine. All rusty it was, as though it had traveled to its last fire and was now ready for the junkpile.

The children didn't hesitate. They went down on their knees in the dust and picked the toys up, their eyes glowing.

"Golly, Jimmy, you couldn't *buy* a doll like this!" Jane enthused. "Look how its eyes shine! Like it was alive!"

"Jeepers!" Jimmy muttered. "I *like* old fire engines! This one's all smoked up an' everything!"

Jane let out another gasp. She was feeling the tug now. The doll was twisting, tugging at her, as though it wanted to go somewhere. It wasn't tugging with its arms. Oh, no. It was just a limp rag doll.

But Jane could feel the tug. It was like—holding a big magnet that tugged, pulled!

The fire engine was tugging too. At Jimmy!

The children followed the tugging. They didn't want to, really. But they were scared not to.

Throw the toys down, children—get rid of them! Please, children, hurry! Do you want to die? The witch comes back and sits in the window! If you don't want to meet her, *stay away from that closet!*

The closet's mouldy old door was a little ajar, as though it had a birthday-present surprise for Jimmy and Jane. The toys seemed to want to enter the closet, taking the children with them!

It was Jane who threw the door wide. She didn't want to, but she had to obey the doll.

"Jimmy, I'm scared! Jimmy, don't run! Oh, Jimmy!"

Mrs. Meek stood just inside the closet, with a sickly yellow light flooding down over her. Death hadn't changed Mrs. Meek much. She had been scrawny and hideous in life and she was hideous now. From her thin, shriveled face to her turned-in toes she was wrapped in cobwebs, which clung to her like a shroud!

In Mrs. Meek's hideous, shrunken face two eyes rolled a little, to fasten on the children. But as her withered skeleton-thin arms went out to make sure the children would not escape, the tugging stopped.

Jimmy hurled the fire engine straight at Mrs. Meek! There was an awful, splintering crash. Mrs. Meek fell back into the closet. Dust swirled up about her and she began to crumble.

But the children didn't wait to see the last of Mrs. Meek! They turned and ran screaming from the house and out into the warm, bright sunlight!

THE GHOSTS of HISTORY

THE VENGEFUL SPECTER OF LORD TYRONE

LORD TYRONE IS DEAD OF THE PLAGUE! LORD TYRONE IS DEAD!



OUR STORY OPENS IN DUBLIN TOWN ON A DISMAL NIGHT IN THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY! A TOWN CRIER MAKES HIS NIGHTLY ROUND...

IN THE WEALTHY HOME OF SIR TRISTRAM BERESFORD...

YOUR LADYSHIP! THE CRIER SAYS THAT LORD TYRONE IS DEAD! YOU KNEW HIM, DID YOU NOT?

LORD TYRONE... DEAD? OH, NO... NO!



SHE... SHE'S FAINTED! BUT WHY? WHY?



MY DEAR... WHY SHOULD THE DEATH OF A COMPARATIVE STRANGER TERRIFY YOU?

LORD TYRONE WAS NO STRANGER TO ME! I... I FEAR HIM, EVEN IN DEATH!



HE WAS A CRUEL, BRUTAL MAN... AND BEFORE I MET YOU, HE COURTED ME! WHEN I REFUSED HIM, HE THREATENED A TERRIBLE REVENGE! HE KNEW HE WAS FATED TO DIE EARLY... AND WARNED HE'D COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!

AS LADY BERESFORD RETIRES, A STRANGE CHILL SWEEPS THE ROOM! THEN... THE GHOST OF LORD TYRONE!

I WARNED YOU THAT I WOULD RETURN, MY DEAR! GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

NO... NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU'RE... D-DEAD!



AS THE COLD HAND OF THE GHOST TOUCHES THE WARM, BEAUTIFUL HAND OF THE LIVING WOMAN...

MY HAND... SHRIVELING
... **AHHH!**

I GO... BUT MY
REVENGE IS NOT
YET COMPLETE!
**TWICE MORE SHALL
YOU TREMBLE
BEFORE ME!**

**SPECTRAL VENGEANCE... A WITHERED HAND!
LADY BERESFORD CONCEALED HER GHASTLY
DEFORMITY WITH A BLACK SCARF, AND,
DREAD IN HER HEART, WAITED FOR THE
GHOST TO STRIKE AGAIN! TEN YEARS
LATER... HE CAME!**

I HAVE LITTLE TIME
... **MY GRAVE AWAITS
ME!** SPEAK... DOES MY
PRESENCE GIVE YOU
PLEASURE?

LORD TYRONE!
I WOULD SOONER
LOOK UPON THE
FACE OF A HANGED
MURDERER WITH
HIS CRIMES
BLACK
UPON
HIM!

**YOU FOOL
... YOU DARE**

OFFEND THE DEAD? THEN I TOUCH
YOUR FACE... AND IT CEASES TO
BE BEAUTIFUL! FOR TEN YEARS
YOU WILL TURN TO THE WORLD
THE FACE OF A WITHERED OLD
WOMAN! THEN, ON YOUR FORTY-
SEVENTH BIRTHDAY... **YOU WILL
DIE!**

**UNDAUNTED, THE STRICK-
EN WOMAN CARRIED ON...
AS IF DARING THE GHOST
TO DO ITS WORST! ON HER
FORTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY...**

YOU SEE, DR. HERWOOD, WE
ARE STILL A HAPPY FAMILY!
I AM FORTY-SIX, AND LOOK
EIGHTY! BUT MY HUSBAND
SEES ME WITH THE EYES
OF YOUTH!

DEAR MADAME, I WAS PRESENT
AT YOUR CHRISTENING! WHEN
YOUR BIRTH DATE WAS ENTERED
IN THE VILLAGE REGISTRY... A
MISTAKE WAS MADE! YOU'RE
FORTY-SEVEN! I... I
THOUGHT YOU KNEW!

FORTY-
SEVEN!
**YOU'VE
SIGNED MY
DEATH
WARRANT!**

**WHEN THE TERRIFIED WOMAN
REACHES HER BEDROOM...**

DID YOU THINK YOU
COULD ESCAPE ME,
MY DEAR?

YOU!

**MOMENTS
LATER... AN AWFUL DISCOVERY! WITHERED
LIKE A LONG-DEAD MUMMY...**

OH!

AT LEAST... SHE HAS FOUND PEACE!
AS SURELY AS THERE IS JUSTICE
BEYOND THE GRAVE... THAT
EVIL MAN'S GHOST WILL
FOREVER WALK THE
NIGHT, TORMENTED
BY ITS CRIMES!

**MANY DOCUMENTS BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH
OF THIS TERRIFYING STORY! IT IS BASED ON EYE-WITNESS
ACCOUNTS, AND WAS USED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT AS THE
THEME OF A ROMANCE! ANOTHER CHILLING TRUE GHOST
STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE---DON'T MISS IT!**



NO BUSINESS TODAY, BENNY...LET'S LOCK UP! LORNA WANTS US TO COME TO SOME LAWYERS' OFFICE...THEY'RE READING HER UNCLE'S WILL TODAY!

WISH I HAD A GIRL-FRIEND WHO WUZ AN HEIRESS, FRED! A **MILLION BUCKS**... AN' SHE'S THE ONLY RELATIVE!

EAGER-BE AVER DETECTIVE AGENCY
FRED EAGER
BENNY BEAVER
KNOPS

THE LAW OFFICES OF FIELDING AND JONES...

I KNOW MY UNCLE WAS ECCENTRIC... OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T HAVE SPECIFIED / THAT HIS WILL BE READ TEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH! BUT YOU SAY IT CONTAINS AN ODD PROVISION, MR. FIELDING?

YES, MISS BRENT! BRIEFLY, YOU ARE TO INHERIT A MILLION DOLLARS...ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU SPEND TO-NIGHT AT THE OLD BRENT MANSION!

ZOWIE! ALL THEM BUCKS, JUST TA DROP IN AT A HOUSE FOR ONE NIGHT! WOTTA CINCH, EH, MR. JONES?

NOT QUITE THE CINCH YOU THINK! THE MANSION'S BEEN BOARDED UP FOR TEN YEARS...AND ONE HEARS STRANGE STORIES! TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IT'S SAID TO BE **HAUNTED**...BY THE **VENGEFUL GHOST OF OLD HORACE BRENT!**

HAUNTED! BUT...

IN THAT CASE, MY PARTNER AND I WILL GO ALONG WITH MISS BRENT... TO SEE THAT SHE COMES TO NO HARM!

I...I WISH YOU ALL LUCK! PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T BRAVE THAT AWFUL PLACE FOR TEN MILLIONS!



NIGHTFALL
...AND THE
OLD BRENT
MANSION
LOOMS
DEAD
AHEAD!

IT... IT
LOOKS
SCAREY!

DON'T WORRY, LORNA! I'VE
GOT A STRANGE SENSE OF
DANGER, BUT WE'LL
BE ON THE ALERT!

GHOSTS, POOH! THOSE
LAWYERS FIELDING AND
JONES MAY BE SCARED
...**BUT NOT LI'L
BENNY! C'MON IN!**

THAT PICTURE'S HORACE BRENT!...NO
WONDER HE WANTED LORNA TO
SPEND THE NIGHT HERE! HE
WANTED TO SCARE HER!
BRRRR...HIS FACE GIVES ME
THE SHIVERS!

YER
TOO

EASILY
SCARED, FREDDIE,
ME BOY! BE LIKE
ME...NOTHIN'
SCARES ME!

FRED...BENNY...LOOK!
THERE'S A COLD DRAUGHT
COMING FROM SOMEWHERE!
**THE CANDLE...IT'S
BLOWING...**

**HA-HA-HA-
HEEEEEE!**

THE
LIGHT
...IT'S
GONE
OUT!

LISTEN!
WHAT
WAS
THAT?

AI-EEE!

OH-HHH! THAT
AWFUL LAUGH...
**WHAT WAS
IT?**

I DON'T KNOW...BUT WE'RE
GOING TO FIND OUT!...GET
UP, BENNY, YOU FOOL...**WE'RE
GOING TO SEARCH THE
HOUSE!**

I...I HEAR SOMETHING
...FROM THE LANDING
UP ABOVE!

IT...IT'S LIKE
THE CLINKING
OF **CHAINS!**



OH-HHHHHH!

GOOD HEAVENS, LOOK! IT'S A GHOST!



I'M G-GETTIN' OUTA HERE... BUT FAST! THEM LAWYERS WAS RIGHT!

BAM!



I...I GOTTA GET A GRIP ON MESELF, ON ACCOUNTA THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I---HMMM, WOT'S THIS?



EEEE-YOWWW!



THERE *CAN'T* BE ANY SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! COULD THERE BE A SECRET PANEL HE'S DISAPPEARED INTO?

FORGET IT...SECRET PANELS ONLY EXIST IN COMIC BOOKS!

F-FRED! HELP!



I'M T-TELLIN' YOU! A S-SKEL...A S-SKEL...

ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU SAW A **SKELETON**? GHOSTS, SKELETONS, BAH! THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH THAT CAN'T BE EXPLAINED BY **FACTS**...AND IT'S **FACTS** WE'RE GOING TO GET!



YA SAID
THAT BEFORE!
AN' WOT'RE
YA LAFFIN'
AT?

THAT... THAT
WASN'T **FRED'S**
VOICE! IT WAS THE
VOICE OF AN **OLD**
MAN...A **BURIED**
MAN!...LOOK!

THE BULLETS...
THEY'RE NOT
EVEN HURT-
ING HIM!
HE...HE'S
NOT FLESH
AND BLOOD!

RUN,
FRED!
RUN!



BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



IT...IT'S UNCLE
HORACE! B-BUT
HE'S D-DEAD!

IT'S A HOAX,
I TELL YOU...
A HOAX!
STAND
ASIDE!

FACTS HE WANTS!
WELL, YA GOT 'EM, PAL!
AN' **YOU'RE** THE GUY
WOT DIDN'T **BELIEVE**
IN GHOSTS!

I'M ASHAMED
OF MYSELF,
BENNY! I RAN
LIKE A SCARED
BABY...BUT FOR
THE FIRST TIME
IN MY LIFE, I FELT
FEAR!



...BUT LORNA DOESN'T
HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT, BECAUSE COME
WHAT MAY...**I'M PROTECT-**
ING HER!



SO JUST STICK CLOSE TO
ME, DARLING, AND...HEY!
WHERE'S SHE GONE
TO?



HELP!
HELP!



IT...IT
CAME
FROM
THERE!

THERE'S NO
TIME TO LOSE!
WE'VE GOT TO
GET THROUGH
THAT WALL!
...HERE'S AN
AXE!



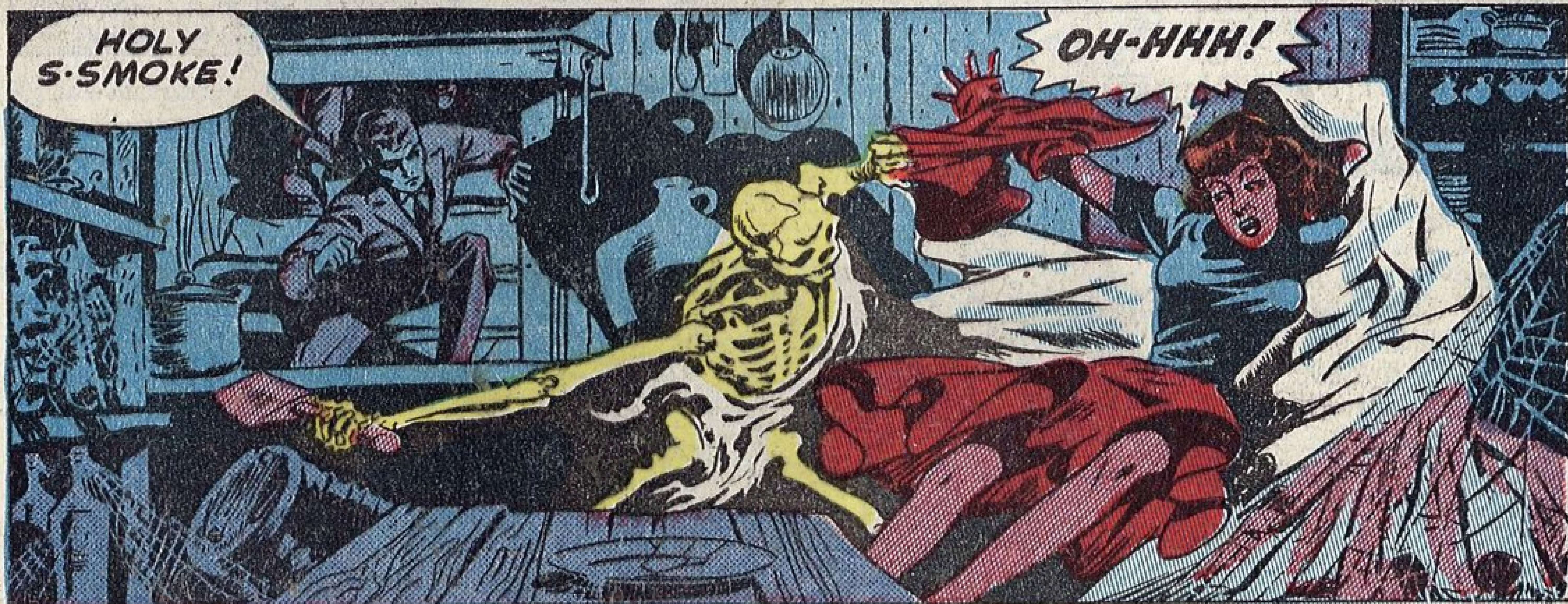
THERE'S
STAIRS IN
THERE...
LEADIN'
DOWN!

IF...IF ONLY
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE!



HANG ON, LORNA!
I'M COMING!

NO! NO!
GET BACK!
H-HELP!



HOLY
S-SMOKE!

OH-HHH!



DEAD OR ALIVE,
MISTER...THIS
IS FOR YOU!

POW!



AN AMAZING REVELATION!
WELL, I'LL BE!
LAWYER JONES...
FIELDING'S
PARTNER!

BOY, WERE
WE FOOLED!
SKELETON BONES...
PAINTED ON A BLACK
COSTUME!

DON'T
SHOOT...I'LL CON-
FESS EVERYTHING!
I WAS JUST A
TOOL...HE MADE
ME...



THAT SCREAM
...IT SPELLS
DEATH! COME
ON, BENNY...
BRING JONES
WITH YOU!



IT'S **FIELDING**, AS I
THOUGHT... AND
MURDERED!
BETTER START
TALKING, JONES!



WE'VE EMBEZZLED HALF OF
HORACE BRENT'S ESTATE
SINCE HE DIED... FIELDING
FORCED ME INTO IT! WE'D
HAVE BEEN FOUND OUT IF
LORNA INHERITED IT... SO
FIELDING TRIED TO MAKE
HER LOSE OUT BY SCAR-
ING HER OUT OF SPEND-
ING THE NIGHT HERE!
YOU SEE, HE WAS THE
ALTERNATE HEIR!



ALL EXCEPT ONE
THING, BENNY! **WHO**
USED THIS STICK
TO KILL FIELDING?

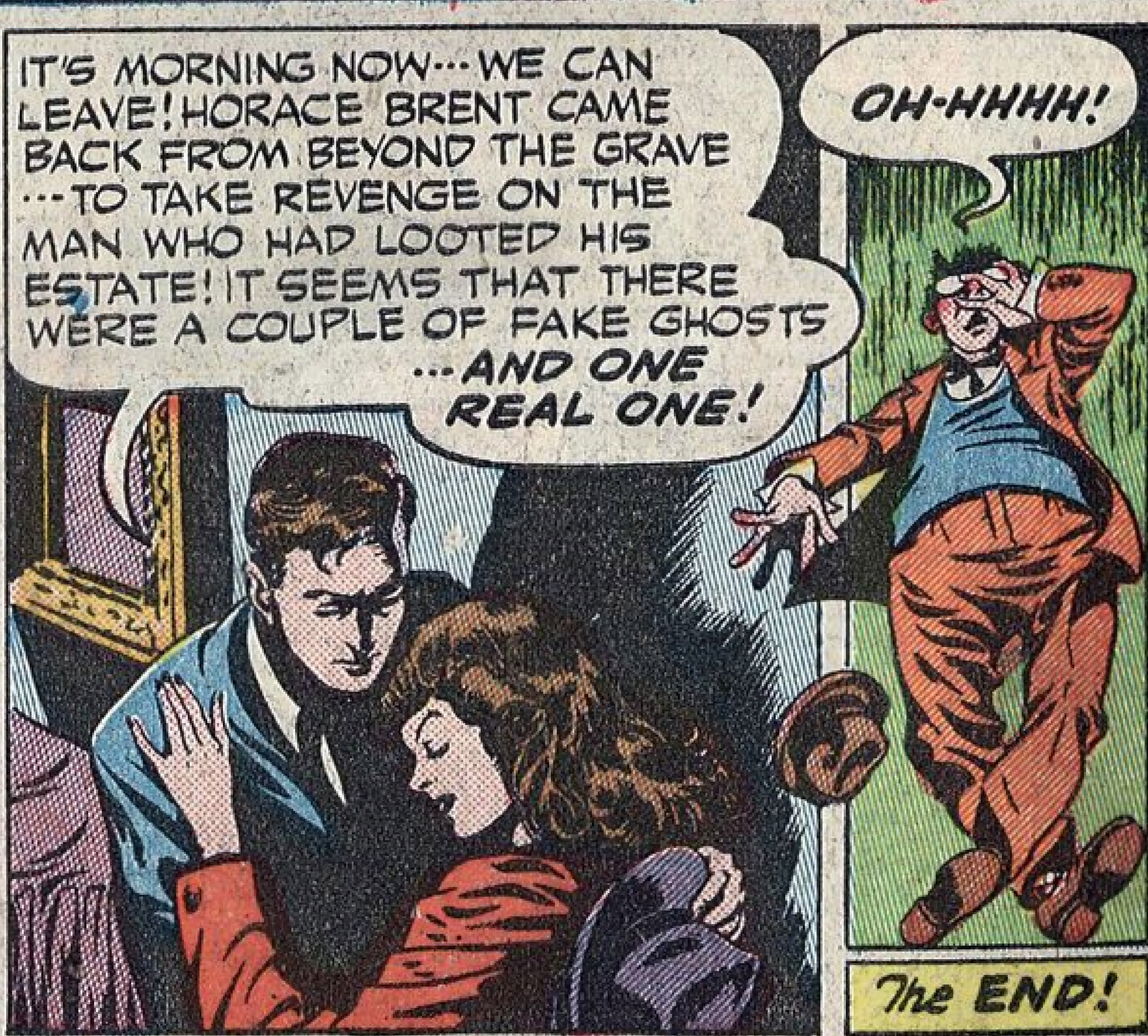
YOU... YOU'RE HOLD-
ING **UNCLE HORACE'S**
CANE, FRED! AND
LOOK AT HIS
PICTURE!

WELL, LORNA'S STILL GOT
HALF A MILLION LEFT,
ANYWAY! I WUZ **RIGHT** IN
SAYIN' THERE WUZNT NO
SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!
GUESS THIS MESS IS ALL
CLEARED UP, HUH?



H-HOLY
HANNAH!
HIS CANE
... IT'S
GONE!

AND... AND HE'S
RIDDLED BY THE
BULLETS YOU FIRED
AT HIM... WHEN WE
MET HIM IN THE
UPSTAIRS
CORRIDOR!



IT'S MORNING NOW... WE CAN
LEAVE! HORACE BRENT CAME
BACK FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
... TO TAKE REVENGE ON THE
MAN WHO HAD LOOTED HIS
ESTATE! IT SEEMS THAT THERE
WERE A COUPLE OF FAKE GHOSTS
... AND ONE
REAL ONE!

OH-HHHH!

The END!

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

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And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "*Dynamic Tension*." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

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CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*," will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
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